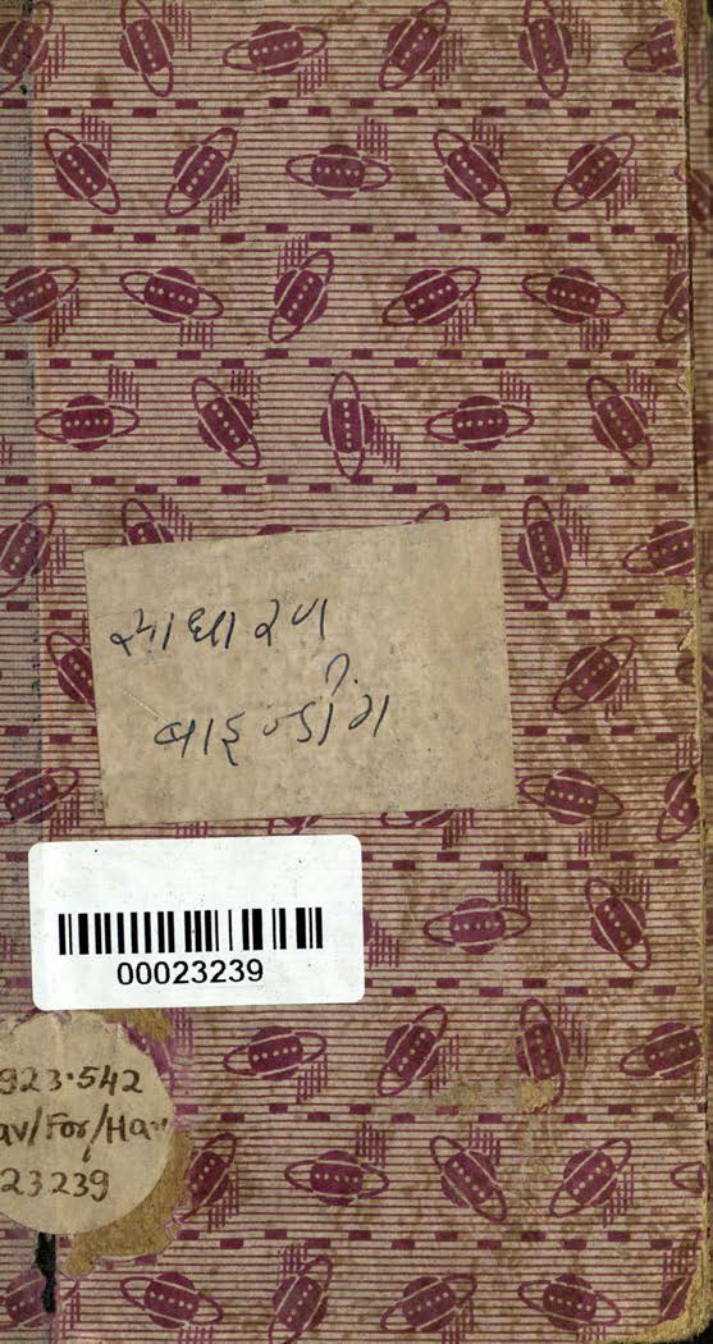
00023239

923·542
Av/For/Hav
23239

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018

English Men of Action

HAVELOCK

HAVELOCK

HAVELOCK

23239
ac

BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1890

All rights reserved

00023239

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

EARLY LIFE—BURMAH AND PEACE-TIME . . 1

CHAPTER II

AFGHANISTAN 18

CHAPTER III

GWALIOR AND THE PUNJAB 49

CHAPTER IV

PEACE-TIME AND PERSIA 69

CHAPTER V

FROM BOMBAY TO CAWNPORE 83

CHAPTER VI

NO THOROUGHFARE 143

CHAPTER VII

LUCKNOW AND THE MANGO-TREE 178

NOTE

UNTIL a very short time ago no authentic portrait of Havelock was known to be extant. The pathetic engraving accompanying Marshman's biography, the oil-painting and the marble bust in the possession of Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan, are all so much idealised as to have nearly lost the expression of the original. It was known that Havelock had once, and only once, been photographed, the only known result being a miniature enclosed in a locket worn by his wife. It is pleasant to add that a successful search for this miniature has been made by Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan with the kind intent to render this little volume more complete.

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE—BURMAH AND PEACE-TIME

THERE are two occasions on which a man, reserved by nature and training, is apt to disclose himself without restraint; in confidential communication with his closest and most trusted friend; and on his deathbed face to face with eternity.

Henry Havelock's dearest friend was George Broadfoot; to whom he thus wrote, as the outcome of the experience of half a century: "In public affairs, as in matters eternal, the path of popularity is the broad way, and that of duty the strait gate, and 'few there be that enter thereby.' Principles alone are worth living for or striving for; and of all the animals, the most ill-judging, ungrateful, and opposed to their own true interests, are men, that is mankind." When he was near his end, lying in the *dhooly* under the trees of the Dilkoosha, there came to take farewell of him his valiant and loyal comrade Outram: to whom the dying man's composed assurance was, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

These two expressions divulge Havelock's character more perspicuously than could any laboured effort of analysis. High principled as well by nature as by religion; cynical in a measure, probably by nature—the

natural trait confirmed and intensified by the sense of disappointment; reserved and sternly disciplined yet at heart fervid and enthusiastic, Havelock lived a long life of repression; and fate so ruled that his genius had but a late and brief, although singularly brilliant opportunity of proving itself.

The Havelocks were of the Danelagh, that region of England which, throughout the centuries since first the galleys of the Norsemen crossed the sea we now call the German Ocean, has produced so many men of forward and resolute character. Their original ancestor may have been that Havelok the Dane whose name still lives in one of the oldest lays in the language; but the pedigree matters little of a man who is the maker of his own name. William Havelock was a prosperous shipbuilder of Sunderland, who, having married the daughter of a Stockton-on-Tees solicitor and having acquired a competency while still in middle life, gave up business and put his money into land, purchasing and settling on the property of Ingress Park, near Dartford in Kent. He had four sons, all of whom went into the army. The two eldest, William and Henry, were born at Ford Hall, Bishop Wearmouth, before the migration southward. The date of Henry's birth was April 5th, 1795.

He went to school very young; one reads of him at the age of five riding on pony-back the three miles into Dartford, along with his elder brother William, to the seminary of the Rev. Mr. Bradley the curate of that parish. The sagacious reader will heartily agree with the lively biographer of Fitz James Duke of Berwick, when he writes: "No part of biography is

so apocryphal as that which records the wise saws and modern instances of heroes in the chrysalis state of petticoats and knickerbockers." Havelock has not escaped this species of cruel kindness; but the curious regarding his valorous tree-climbings and his chivalrously earned black eyes are referred to the pages of Marshman and Headley. At the age of ten he entered the Charterhouse, where he remained seven years. On this period of his life he ever looked back with pleasure and gratitude. He was of that nature that he did not chafe under the severity of the discipline or the hardships and humiliations of fagging; and it was no doubt his appreciation of the rigorous discipline of the Charterhouse that mainly made him in after life the military Tartar he unquestionably was. During his curriculum at the Charterhouse he addicted himself closely to the study of the classics, and became an accomplished if not very profound Greek and Latin scholar. Indeed he so imbued himself with the manner of the great historians of antiquity that the works of which in after life he was the author read less like original compositions than like translations from the classics, rendered all but literally in idiom, in style, and even in mannerisms. If the word was in use in his time, Havelock was probably regarded as a "sap" by his comrades of the Charterhouse. His sedate and reflective disposition earned for him the nickname of "Phlos," an abbreviation of "Philosopher"; and as "Phlos," or more familiarly as "Old Phlos," he dwelt in the memory of his Carthusian contemporaries. Some of these were notable men. Havelock writes: "Nearly contemporary with me were George Waddington, Dean of Durham, distinguished as a scholar and man of letters; George

Grote, the historian of Greece; Archdeacon Hale, afterwards Master of the Charterhouse; Alderman Thompson, M.P. for Northumberland; Sir Wm. Macnaghten, the talented but unfortunate envoy at Cabul; the Right Hon. Fox Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure, Secretary-at-War; Eastlake the painter; and Yates the actor."

Havelock was fourteen, and a fourth form boy at the Charterhouse, when the first great misfortune of his life befell him in the sudden loss of his mother. From his childhood she had influenced his character for good; and to her he was indebted for those early religious impressions which in after life deeply influenced his whole character. He took the piety of home with him into the uncongenial atmosphere of the great public school; and he tells how "four of his Charterhouse companions united with him in seeking the seclusion of one of the dormitories for exercises of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded, if detected, as Methodists and canting hypocrites." When he was at home for the Christmas holidays of 1809-10 his mother was struck down by apoplexy, but she rallied for the time and he went back to school early in February. Before the month was out he was summoned home, to find himself motherless. The shock of his bereavement affected him for years.

Dr. Raine died in 1811, and a new king arose in the Charterhouse who was not to Havelock's taste. Dr. Russell introduced relaxations of that stern discipline which his predecessor had enforced with the vigour Havelock admired so ardently, and the young stickler for Draconian methods persuaded his father to remove

him. His preparation for the university was interrupted by the financial embarrassment which overtook his father and enforced the sale of Ingress Park. The lad's mother had chosen for him the profession of the law; his father consented; so in 1813 he was entered of the Middle Temple and became a pupil of Chitty, the famous special pleader, in whose chambers Talfourd, the author of *Ion*, was his fellow-student. But he was not destined either to succeed or to fail at the bar. He had been in Mr. Chitty's chambers over a twelvemonth when his father withdrew his support, and the son, now on the threshold of manhood, found himself without any settled plan of life.

It was far different with his brother William, who, although not many years older than Henry, was already a veteran soldier whose name still lives in history as "the fair-haired boy of the Peninsula," and who was later to die a soldier's death in the *mêlée* of Ramnuggur. William Havelock had joined Craufurd's famous Light Division in time for the bloody fight of the Coa, had shared in the subsequent battles of the Peninsular war, and had earned the good offices of his chief, General von Alten, by his conduct on the field of Waterloo. He came home to recover from the wound he had received in that battle; and at home he found his younger brother Henry in rather a melancholy plight. The soldier-brother, with characteristic energy, cut a way through the complications. He volunteered to solicit Baron von Alten to use his influence to procure a commission for Henry. Henry readily accepted the fraternal suggestion; the Baron succeeded in obtaining the commission, and Henry Havelock at the age of twenty became a soldier.

In the autumn of 1815 he was gazetted second lieutenant in the old Ninety-fifth, now the Rifle Brigade, one of the most distinguished regiments in the British army. Joining at Shorncliffe in the beginning of 1816, he was assigned to the company commanded by Captain Henry Smith. That gallant soldier was already a veteran of the Peninsula and Waterloo, and in after years he was to attain distinction as a commander in the Punjab and in South Africa. Havelock was fortunate in having so capable a tutor in the practical part of his military education, and more fortunate still in winning the steady and lasting friendship of a man who did not lightly make friends. Long after both ceased to belong to the corps in which their comradeship had commenced, the two maintained a regular correspondence, and Havelock never ceased to feel for his old captain the strongest attachment and gratitude.

Whether by predilection or because he could not do any better for himself, Henry Havelock had put on the king's uniform, and he was to have full opportunity to realise how weariful a trade is soldiering in the piping times of peace. He spent nearly seven years of uneventful home service in the Ninety-fifth, remaining all that time in the same battalion and the same company. He was too serious to care for the light-hearted life of the average subaltern, too industrious to endure idleness, too conscientious to belong to a profession and be content to remain unversed in its principles and literature. In those simple practical days there were as yet no apostles of military novelty engaging themselves in authoritatively assuring mankind that there is not, never has been, and never will be an "art

of war"; and Havelock, primitively free from the bewilderment such dicta are calculated to produce in the mind of the military student, gave himself with serene assiduity to the study of Clausewitz, Jomini, Tempelhof, and Lloyd. Realising further that in the world's history no art or science or code of principles ever sprang full-grown into being, but, on the contrary, got itself laboriously constructed out of innumerable instances of actual experience, he read with close attention all the military history to which he could obtain access. The wealth of professional knowledge he acquired during this period was to be of constant and valuable service to the successive commanders under whom he served in the field, and co-operated with his innate capacity for war in bringing about the successes he achieved when independent command ultimately was accorded to himself. He modestly wrote of this time of study that "he now acquired some knowledge of his profession, which was useful to him in after years"; but probably no soldier of his day was more accomplished professionally than Havelock had made himself during the period between his entering the army and embarking for India. This fulness of knowledge and conversance with precedent and examples perhaps engendered some tendency to pedantry. The tendency discloses itself most in his writings. If men smiled when the chief would announce that he was about to put in practice the manœuvre by which Frederic conquered at Leuthen, or that the operation he was enjoining was identical with that which Marlborough had found successful on the day of Blenheim, the smile was with the chief when manœuvre or operation had given him the victory he never tried for in vain.

As Europe sank deeper and deeper into the lap of peace, it became more and more apparent to the young student of the art military that it was to no practical purpose, while he remained at home, that he was thus equipping himself for superior efficiency on active service in the field. India presented a likelier field for one whose strongest aspiration was to be a man of action. His brothers William and Charles were already serving there. Henry exchanged into the Thirteenth Light Infantry, sailed for Calcutta, and arrived there in May 1823.

His early formed religious impressions were deepened on the voyage by intimate association with a fellow-passenger; and during the whole period of his subsequent regimental service he was in the habit of assembling for religious instruction and communion such of the soldiers of his regiment as chose to attend the devotional exercises. Because of his own strict piety and his regard for the religious welfare of his men, he had to endure the inevitable scoff and contumely of men who "cared for none of these things," and his knot of godly soldiers were sneered at as "Havelock's saints." But their uniform good conduct elicited from blunt old Sale the characteristic aspiration: "I wish to God the whole regiment were 'Havelock's saints,' for I never see a 'saint' in the guardroom, or his name in the defaulters' book!" Havelock had not been long in India before he became intimate with the Baptist Missionaries at Serampore, to the daughter of one of whom, the Rev. Dr. Marshman, he was married in 1829. Soon after this union he determined to join the Baptist community, and was accordingly baptized into it in the Serampore chapel. During his subsequent career, in the words of

his Baptist biographer: "while consorting more intimately with those whose opinions coincided with his own, he was free from the restrictions of sectarianism, and rejoiced in the fellowship of all who held the Christian faith, and were animated with the same Christian hope."

During Havelock's first year in India he was quartered with his regiment at Calcutta, and when the first Burmese war was entered into in 1824, he received the appointment of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General on the headquarter staff of the expedition. The Burman monarch of the period, a descendant of Alomprah and a predecessor of Thebau, had become both aggressive and insolent, and Lord Amherst, the contemporary Governor-General, undertook to punish him in the approved Anglo-Indian manner. The first Burmese war was a dreary business; it lasted two years, and there were three campaigns of mixed wading and bush-whacking, during which we lost, chiefly from disease, five thousand men, of whom three thousand were British officers and soldiers. It was regarded as a highly successful war, because when within striking distance of the insolent "barbarian's" capital, our arms extorted from him a treaty surrendering considerable territory and a war indemnity which was never paid. It need not be said that it was an expensive war—we have never learned the art of making war economically. And yet again it is a forgotten war, of which probably not one reader in twenty has ever heard; and it was too uninteresting to justify here even the most meagre sketch of it. One incident, however, may claim attention. Havelock, who with an interval of sickness had been on duty throughout—always evincing activity, professional capacity, and ready daring, had an interesting

and important mission assigned to him in the closing scene. Sir Archibald Campbell selected him with two associate officers to proceed from Yandaboo to Ava, and receive from the "golden foot" the ratification of a treaty, in the settlement of the terms of which the "Lord of the great White Elephant" was represented by a couple of American missionaries whom he had released from chains. "The monarch of Ava," wrote Havelock, "seated on his throne of state, surrounded by the ensigns of royalty, environed by the princes of the royal house and lineage, and attended by the high ministers and chief officers of the realm, received, with every mark of gracious consideration, our congratulations in the name of the Commissioners on the pacification happily concluded between the two States, accepted their presents, directed suitable returns to be made; and in conclusion caused the British officers entrusted with this charge to be invested with the insignia of titles and honorary distinctions." In later receptions by Burman monarchs official Britons were exempt from removing their boots before entering the august presence; unofficial presentees went into the throne-room in their socks. Havelock is so magniloquent that it is not quite clear whether he did not denude himself even of those articles; the envoys conceded, he says, the pulling off "the exterior covering of the feet" at the bottom of the staircase.

Those were not the days of copious brevets and lavish "D.S.O.s," and all the honour and glory Havelock took away from Burmah was his investiture by the King of Ava with a forehead-fillet decoration which constituted him a "Valorous, renowned Rajah"; a decoration which

he is not recorded to have applied for permission to wear. In default of military reward for his services he attempted to extract from the war some literary recognition. He wrote a history of it, which is among the stiffest productions of its kind. It is dedicated to Lord Combermere (then Commander-in-Chief in India), as "the Leader for whom providence reserved the glory of silencing the haughty reproach of our pagan enemies, and of breaking the last spell upon the opinion of the ignorant, and the turbulent, within the Indies, by the daring and scientific reduction of that fortress vainly named the inviolate, the impregnable." The preface consists of a long quotation from Thucydides in the original Greek—without a translation; and of a quotation from Bacon's Essay on Empire. The text is as involved, turgid, and stilted as might be expected from such a dedication and preface. Not occasionally but uniformly, the Burman enemy are styled the "barbarians," a pedantic adoption of Cæsar's designation of the Gauls. It is affirmed that this publication made for Havelock many enemies, and created a prejudice against him which hindered his professional prospects. There seem reasons for doubting this statement. It is a task to read the book; it may be full of adverse criticism, but if so, the point is so obscured as to be undiscernible. It was printed and published in India, and its author admits that it fell still-born from the press. Marshman relates an anecdote regarding this work. "Some time after its appearance," he says, "William Havelock having visited England and called at the Horse Guards, saw the *Campaigns in Ava* lying on the table of the officer to whom he addressed himself. 'Are

you the author of that work?' was the inquiry. 'It is from the pen of my younger brother.' 'Is he tired of his commission?' was the curt and significant rejoinder." The simple comment on this is that Marshman must have been the victim of a hoax.

On the termination of the Burmese war Havelock returned to regimental duty at Dinapore for a few months, but in the spring of 1827, through the influence of Colonel (afterwards General Sir Willoughby) Cotton, whose acquaintance he had made in Burmah, and in some degree in recognition of good service in that country, he was appointed to the adjutancy of the depot of King's troops at Chinsurah; a pleasant post for him, since at Chinsurah he was within a few miles of his friends at Serampore. His work in this staff billet was to take charge of drafts for H.M.'s regiments in India on their arrival from England, administer a tonic in the shape of drill and discipline, and then arrange for their transport to their respective regiments. He varied this routine work by courtship followed by a marriage which was the source of unalloyed happiness till the last day of his life. Even on his wedding-day Havelock was the "duty soldier." He was on a court-martial assembling in Calcutta at noon of that day. He was duly married in the morning, journeyed to Calcutta in a swift boat, attended the court, and was back in Serampore in time for what Marshman calls the "nuptial banquet." Havelock enjoyed the Chinsurah staff appointment for nearly four years; but the depot was abolished in the beginning of 1831, and he had to return to regimental duty at Dinapore, and afterwards at Agra and Kurnaul, the successive stations of the Thirteenth. There was a brief interval in

1834 during which, having qualified in Hindostanee and Persian in the higher standard, he held the position of interpreter to H.M.'s Sixteenth Regiment quartered at Cawnpore. But he lost that appointment in the beginning of 1835, and returned to Agra, to quote his own words—"a lieutenant of foot, without even the command of a company, and not a rupee in the world besides my pay and allowances." Presently the regimental adjutancy fell vacant, and his application for the appointment to Lord Henry Bentinck, who was Commander-in-Chief as well as Governor-General, proved successful, Lord Henry's half-jocose stipulation being that "the adjutant must not preach."

Havelock held the adjutancy of the Thirteenth for three and a half years. With Sale for its colonel and Havelock for its adjutant, the good old corps maintained to the fullest its reputation for smartness and efficiency. It seems he did preach, notwithstanding Lord Henry's caution; at all events, "through his exertions, chapels were erected near the barracks for the Baptist and the Church of England soldiers, at which, on week days as on Sundays, the attendance was large." Through his influence a Temperance Society was formed in the regiment, which had a coffee-house with every attraction that might wean men from the canteen. At length in 1838 he got his captaincy without purchase. Four years before his friends at Serampore had assisted him in the attempt to attain it by purchase, but the cruellest ill fortune attended the effort. It was the year of the tremendous commercial crisis in Bengal, when the great mercantile houses of Calcutta came rattling down as if they had been built of cards. Havelock's financial

arrangement that the purchase-money should be forthcoming was made in the first instance with Alexander & Co. Pending the vacancy they failed. With two other houses in succession the arrangement was renewed. Before his offer to purchase reached England Mackintosh & Co. and Fergusson & Co. had followed each other to the limbo of insolvency, and he had to submit to be purchased over.

Havelock was forty-three years of age and had been twenty-three years in the service, when he attained without purchase the substantive rank of captain. But titularly he had not been a lieutenant for the previous eight years. In those days a subaltern on completion of fifteen years' service became a brevet-captain. It was an empty name, since it carried neither increased pay nor any real promotion; the brevet-captain was as much a subaltern as ever. Havelock himself through the greater part of his career grumbled—it must be said, not with ill humour—at the slowness of his promotion, until one day he was all of a sudden confronted by the danger of being made a major-general to his detriment. In his later subaltern days he writes of himself as "the neglected lieutenant." His biographers unite to denounce the Government for having wantonly left him to pine in neglect and obscurity. This charge seems to be unjustifiable. On the second page of this book Havelock is spoken of as having lived long in disappointment and repression; but I regard those conditions as relative, and not the outcome either of neglect or oppression. Havelock felt himself disappointed and repressed because of a consciousness of his own superiority in most things that make up the fine soldier's character to the men

who were his regimental compeers, and who passed over him by dint of "brutal capital." There is no profession whose ranks do not hold "mute inglorious Miltons" who know that they could be both vocal and glorious if opportunity were given them; and who experience the sense of disappointment and repression because it is not. But it cannot well be the part of any authority of an organised system to go prospecting about in quest of potential brilliancy in a state of suppression. Specially adverse to any such selection in a military organisation is a condition of peace; it has been tried occasionally in time of war, as for instance by the North in the great American civil war, and among the unsatisfactory results were M'Clellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Pope. Experience proves that the empirical is a crude and apt to be a hazardous method.

Two things are put forward in regard to Havelock, not without countenance from under his own hand: that his promotion was slow; and that he did not receive employment commensurate with his merits. As to the former claim it must be pointed out that of his own accord and for his own purposes he effected exchange after exchange, each exchange delaying his promotion by relegating him to the foot of his rank. Again, he was avowedly a non-purchase officer, and as such promotion was possible for him only by death-vacancy or augmentation. It was his misfortune and nobody's blame that his intended purchase of his company should have been thwarted by the failure of the Calcutta houses. Fortune and the regulations were indeed unkind to him; for he writes that he was "purchased over by three sots and two fools"; but the authorities of the day were responsible neither for fortune nor for the regulations. His

right to purchase his lieutenant-colonelcy he voluntarily ceded, to his great honour, that he might not damnify two other officers. Nevertheless, he was made a full colonel in 1854, and but that at his own request and to serve his own purposes he procured a postponement, he would have been gazetted a major-general in the beginning of 1856; he actually attained this rank in July of the following year. He was thus a major-general after forty-two years' service; had he chosen he would have reached that rank after less than forty-one years' service. Forty-one years looks a long time; but many of his contemporaries of not unequal distinction who became major-generals about the time he did, did so after longer service. Sir Colin Campbell served forty-six years for his Leah. Sir Abraham Roberts, Sir Frederick's father, became a major-general after fifty-one years' service; General Law, a purchase officer who had been in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, reached that rank in 1859 after fifty years' soldiering; General Eden, who had served at Waterloo and in Burmah, and had bought his regimental steps, after forty-seven years' service; Sir William Eden, also a purchase officer, after forty-eight; and General George Macdonald, who had soldiered all over Europe, had been riddled by bullets at Waterloo, and had purchased his majority, did not reach the rank of major-general till he had served full fifty years. These are names taken at random; but they show conclusively that Havelock, non-purchase officer as he was and suffering though he did by exchanges, was fairly fortunate in having attained the rank of a general officer with forty-two years' service.

As to the alleged neglect of his merits, it has to be

pointed out that for an officer of the lower grades in the Royal army India in Havelock's days afforded very few opportunities. It was the Company's officers who ruled provinces when still subalterns, conducted diplomatic missions, were "politicals" whom generals in the field obeyed. Burnes, Outram, Henry Lawrence, Nicholson, Durand, Edwardes, Pottinger, Arthur Connolly, D'Arcy Todd—these were all John Company's men. To a senior officer of the King's service staff appointments of value were open, but the subaltern or the junior captain could not be much else, outside his regiment, than an aide-de-camp or brigade-major; and in regard to such appointments interest was all in all. Havelock is said to have had no interest; yet during his Indian service he cannot be accused of having wasted his energies over lavishly in regimental duty. He was a subaltern in India for sixteen years; ten of which were spent in staff employ of one kind or other. After he got his captaincy in 1838, he was continuously in staff employ until he ceased to be nominally a regimental officer, with the single exception of four months spent with his regiment, when he growled audibly at being relegated to "the oversight of the shirts and stockings of No. 4 company of H.M.'s 13th Light Infantry." This has not greatly the aspect of "pining under cold neglect," but rather of exceptional recognition. It may be questioned if such a record could be shown of any other officer of English troops of Havelock's time.

CHAPTER II

AFGHANISTAN

THE year which saw Havelock a captain, was also the year which saw Lord Auckland's misguided engagement in that Afghan contest, the awful disasters of which were but nominally avenged during his successor's term of office. Havelock, save for a short term in the quiet period of our tenure of Cabul, was in Afghanistan throughout the occupation. He marched in with Keane's army; he marched out with Pollock's army of Retribution; his name is linked with the story of the defence of Jellalabad by the "illustrious garrison." His Afghan career therefore claims to be recounted in some detail, for which he himself has furnished in part the materials; but in the first instance a brief outline of the earlier events of this melancholy period may not be thought out of place.

There is a weird resemblance between the two acts of our Afghan drama, the period from 1838 to 1842, and the period from 1878 to 1880. As in the second so in the first, the pretext for our aggression was our jealousy of Russian approaches toward our Indian frontiers; as in the first so in the second, our expenditure of blood, treasure, and toil was utterly wasted. In 1838 the Ameer of Afghanistan was Dost Mahomed, a prince of

strong character, who for twelve years had made good his throne against all comers. An English emissary, the gallant and enthusiastic Burnes, had been on a mission to the Dost at his capital, and found him willing to eschew all overtures from other powers and to throw in his lot with the English. But Lord Auckland had given himself to another policy. Under unhappy influence he threw over Burnes, chose to mistrust the Dost, picked Shah Soojah out of the dust of Loodhianah to use him as a tool and a puppet, and determined to replace in the Bala Hissar the weak-minded and untrustworthy exile whom years before the Afghan nation had cast out as a hissing and a reproach. In vain did Burnes attest the good faith of the Dost; his representations went for nothing against the prejudices which had been instilled into Lord Auckland, and in the face of the appearance at Cabul of a Russian envoy. There was some reason in the project of sending succour to Herat, besieged by the Persians acting under Russian influence; but when the siege of that place was raised in September 1838, there ceased to be any valid objective for the expedition. But Lord Auckland had concluded the Tripartite Treaty with old Runjeet Singh the famous ruler of the Sikhs, and with the wretched Shah Soojah. He had committed himself yet further by publishing a manifesto in which Durand has said "the words 'justice and necessity' were applied in a manner for which there is fortunately no precedent in the English language," and of which Sir Henry Edwardes remarked that "the views and conduct of Dost Mahomed were misrepresented with a hardihood which a Russian statesman might have envied."

The army intended for the invasion of Afghanistan,

as originally constituted, was to consist of about sixteen thousand soldiers; the Bengal quota ten thousand strong, the Bombay quota six thousand; the whole to be commanded by Sir Harry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief. In addition there was Shah Soojah's levy of native troops recruited in India, officered by Europeans and maintained at the charge of the Indian Government; all told, this force amounted to some four thousand, so that the entire strength of the troops destined for the invasion of Afghanistan did not fall short of twenty thousand men. The nearest way to Cabul lay across the Punjab, but it was judged politic to avoid the Sikh territory, and the prescribed route was down the left bank of the Sutlej to its junction with the Indus, down the left bank of the Indus to the crossing-place at Roree, and from Sukkur across the Scinde and northern Belooch provinces over Quettah and the Pisheen valley to Candahar; thence by Khelat-i-Ghilzi and Ghuznee to Cabul. This was a line of advance excessively circuitous, immensely long, full of difficulties, and equally precarious as to supplies and communications. Before the concentration at Ferozepore was consummated, tidings reached the Governor-General of the raising of the siege of Herat, whereupon it was decided to reduce the strength of the Bengal contingent by one-half, the other half to stand fast at Ferozepore as a reserve. The command of the marching contingent Fane deputed to Sir Willoughby Cotton.

That officer Havelock describes as the patron to whom he had been indebted for previous good offices, and he was again to be of service. Havelock had been disappointed of the expected post of brigade-major in

Sale's brigade, and had resigned himself to making the campaign as a regimental officer. But Cotton gave him a temporary billet as postmaster to his division, and when at Ferozepore he got the command of the whole marching column, and became entitled to a second aide-de-camp, he appointed Havelock to the post. There was an interlude at Ferozepore of reviews and high jinks with the astute, debauched old Runjeet Singh; of which proceedings, in his narrative of the expedition, Havelock gives a detailed and graphic account, dwelling with extreme disapprobation on Runjeet's addiction to a "pet tipple," strong enough to lay out the hardest drinker in the British camp, but which the old reprobate quaffed freely without turning a hair. On December 10th 1838, Sir Willoughby Cotton began the long march which was not to terminate at Cabul until August 6th 1839. The advance to the passage of the Indus was uneventful. It was chiefly through the territories of the Nawab of Bawalpore, an independent Sikh State. The Nawab proved a most obliging and gentlemanly person; he entertained the leaders of the expedition in his capital, amusing them with marvellous shikar stories; and he kept the commissariat liberally supplied. But when at Subzulkote the column entered the territory of the Scindian Ameer of Kyrpore, empty promises took the place of cordial assistance. The Bengal contingent crossed the Indus by a bridge of boats linking Roree with Sukkur, and moved on to Shirkarpore. Sir John Keane, commanding the Bombay troops, having landed near the mouth of the Indus, marched up the right bank of the great river, assumed the supreme command of the whole

force, and relegated Cotton to the command of the Bengal Infantry Division. Meanwhile the Bengal troops had been suffering greatly in crossing the desert region of Cutch Gundava, losing a great part of their already inadequate transport. Havelock does not dilate on difficulties encountered in the Bolan pass, regarding which Kaye is copious and emphatic; and he found flowers decking the wide expanse of the ill-reputed Dushte-be-daulat — the "desert of misery." But at Quettah no supplies were found, none were procurable from the vicinity, those brought up with the column were all but exhausted, and during the delay enforced by Keane's orders, Cotton had to put his people on famine rations. Keane arrived at Quettah on April 6th, on the following day the advance on Candahar began, and the force reached that capital on the 27th. It had been a slow but not a bloody march. Havelock writes: "Hitherto our task has been escorting, not campaigning, but this pacific duty has been performed under arduous circumstances, exposure to the vicissitudes of climate, fatigue, and deficiency of food and water."

Shah Soojah did not secure much popularity in the southern capital of Afghanistan; the Dourance Sirdars who took his side had to be bribed to do so. The army, suffering severely from sickness, was compelled to halt at Candahar till the ripened crops furnished supplies for the advance to Cabul, which began on June 27th, the day on which died old Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab." The historic fortress of Ghuznee, two hundred and seventy miles distant from Candahar, was approached on July 20th; on the following day Cotton and Havelock, riding to the front, saw the gray walls and lofty

citadel rising from out the foliage of the surrounding gardens. Ghuznee was reported a place of great strength, and a reconnaissance in force directed against its southern face appeared to confirm this reputation. It was full of troops, commanded by young Hyder Khan, the son of the Dost; the garrison seemed in heart, and the artillery practice against the reconnoitring force Havelock describes as "by no means despicable." He comments very severely on Keane's conduct in having left the siege train behind at Candahar, after it had been laboriously dragged from Ferozepore across the desert and up the passes. The truth is that Keane seems to have known very well what he was about. Major Todd and Lieutenant Leech, who had seen Ghuznee, had reported to him as to its defences in terms which he regarded as justifying him, in the scarcity of draught animals, in leaving the siege guns in Candahar. An inspection by his engineers confirmed the reports of the officers mentioned, and he saw his way to winning Ghuznee by a *coup de main*. Havelock, having freed his military mind on the subject of the siege train, frankly owns Keane's stroke to have been "one of the most spirited and successful attempts in the annals of the British in Asia."

This was what Keane did. He had become aware that of the four gates of Ghuznee three had been built up, the Cabul gate alone remained in use, and was closed only by the massive wooden doors. In the gusty darkness of the early morning of the 23rd, he placed his field guns in battery on the heights opposite the northern face of the fortress. The gardens under the wall of this face he filled with skirmishers; a detachment of

marksmen was detailed to make a false attack on the southern face. Near the middle of this northern face was the Cabul gate, outside which, close up but well in cover, had been disposed a storming party with its supports. The storming party commanded by Colonel Dennie of the Thirteenth Light Infantry, was composed of the light companies of the four European regiments. The main column consisted of two European regiments and the support of another, the whole commanded by Brigadier Sale; the native regiments constituted the reserve. All those dispositions were completed by three A.M., and, favoured by the noise of the wind and the darkness, without alarming the garrison.

At that hour the artillery opened fire. The skirmishers underneath the height whence the guns blazed, engaged in a brisk fusillade; the rattle of Hay's marksmens' fire was heard from the south. The garrison sprang to the alert. The northern rampart became a sheet of flame, and everywhere the cannonade and musketry fire waxed in noise and volume. Suddenly, as the day was beginning to dawn, a dull sound was heard by the head of the waiting column, scarce audible elsewhere because of the boisterous wind and the din of the firing. A pillar of black smoke shot up from where had been the Cabul gate, now a shattered ruin. The engineers, Durand and Macleod, had crept across the bridge in the darkness, had piled bags containing 900 lbs. of powder up against the massive portal, had fired the hose, and had retired unhurt.

The bugle sounded the advance. Dennie carried his stormers with their first rush into the dark and smoking cavity, to meet hand-to-hand opposition from the

resolute Afghans, who had already recovered from their surprise: Havelock vigorously recounts what followed.

Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage, but the clash of sword-blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage; there was neither time, nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half-pistol shot among the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually their way onwards, till at length its commander and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two; and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne; and no sooner did those four companies feel themselves within the fortress than a loud cheer which was heard beyond the pillars announced their triumph to the troops outside! Sale, following with the main column, had a hand-to-hand fight with an Afghan, in which he killed his man but was himself wounded. The supports and reserves poured in; the gates of the citadel were carried; and soon from its summit British flags were flying. There was much hard fighting within the walls before the resistance was crushed down. Five hundred Afghan dead were found inside the place; outside many more fell under the sabres of Keane's cavalrymen. Akbar Khan and fifteen hundred of his garrison were prisoners. A great booty of provisions, horses, and arms fell to the conquerors, whose loss in the assault amounted to eighteen killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded.

Keane experienced no further opposition on his way to Cabul, the vicinity of which was reached on August 6th. The Dost would fain have made a stand but his people deserted him *en masse*, and he rode away toward

the Hindoo Koosh pursued unsuccessfully by Outram. On the 7th Shah Soojah was escorted in full pomp through the streets of Cabul to the Bala Hissar. Havelock riding in the procession, "did not hear the noisy acclamations of a British or an Athenian mob, but the expression of countenances indicated ready acquiescence, or something more, in the new state of things."

Shah Soojah was on the throne, Afghanistan seemed fairly tranquil, and the army of the Indus was broken up. The Bengal division was to winter in Afghanistan, and the local command had been assigned to Sir Willoughby Cotton; but pending the arrival in India of a new Commander-in-Chief his services were required there, and he and Havelock journeyed down the Khyber to Peshawur. They remained in Peshawur until the beginning of December, when the former was remanded to the command in Afghanistan. Cotton had a very high opinion of Havelock and urged him to return with him to Cabul, offering him, in addition to the position of aide-de-camp he already held, the newly sanctioned post of Persian interpreter on his staff. Havelock had reason to bewail the error he made in not accepting the offers of his chief; and he charged himself with ingratitude as well as with folly. Certainly in declining them Havelock was actuated by no selfish motives. He was writing a book on the military operations in Afghanistan, not for honour and glory but for gain, and gain for a sacred purpose. "I am too old for fame," he wrote to his friends in Serampore. "I hear that Murray would give a good price if the work were despatched speedily,"—he had determined to publish in London. "Money is the

sole inducement; *bare* lucre for my boy's education the only object." So he hurried down country, finished his book, had it set up in type at Serampore, and despatched the printed matter to London, where it was published by Colburn in two small volumes. Alas, he had sacrificed the military opportunities offered him; and had lost time, labour, and money. There was no "lucre" in the book; it was still-born. Intrinsically it did not deserve the ignoble fate. The volumes can be read to-day with interest and pleasure. It is true that the sentences are ramrods; the paragraphs subdivisions of soldiers in heavy marching order moving close locked up; each chapter an advance in parade order made in slow time, with the "Observations" at the end standing for the stately and dignified salute. It is curious that Havelock's writing for publication should be so stiff and pedantic, while his private letters are bright, easy, lucid, and often humorous. They have not the fervid brilliancy and graphic characterisation of poor Burnes' correspondence, which often has long stretches of sustained inspiration; nor the incisiveness, muscularity, and depth and clearness of insight that mark the letters of his friend George Broadfoot. Havelock's limitations stand defined on the surface of his writings, private as well as public; he marks himself with his own pen the soldier-man who can have no pretension to be the soldier-statesman. But his letters are always good reading; in some of them there is a light play of fancy which surprises one in the author of the *Campaigns in Ava* and the *War in Afghanistan*. Yet the latter book, there is little doubt, would have made its way, but that there was scant home interest in the "military promenade" enacted in an obscure corner of

Asia. Then, too, it was a trifle stale. Havelock published no more books. His project for a narrative of the final period in Afghanistan and of the defence of Jellalabad was successfully discountenanced by Broadfoot for reasons good; and later a stricture by Herbert Edwardes caused the discontinuance of a memoir of Broadfoot when half completed.

Leaving Serampore in June 1840, Havelock began his return journey to Cabul in charge of a detachment of recruits. At Ferozepore he joined General Elphinstone, who was on his way to assume the chief command in Afghanistan on Sir Willoughby Cotton's retirement, and who attached Havelock to his staff in the capacity of Persian interpreter. The poor general was a brave and not incapable officer, but he was so great a martyr to chronic gout as to be physically unfit for any exertion. The travellers reached Cabul about the beginning of 1841, when Havelock found the military conditions extremely unsatisfactory, and the political situation yet worse, although Macnaghten professed full confidence. In October he was preparing to leave Cabul to take up the governorship of Bombay; General Elphinstone had begged to be relieved, "unfit for anything" as he told Broadfoot—"done up body and mind." In a spirit of false economy the Ghilzie tribes commanding the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad had been docked of half their subsidies. They had performed their contract to keep the passes open and safe with great fidelity, and the mails to and from the low country were as regular as those between Calcutta and Patna. Now, incensed at the reduction, they retaliated after their manner, blocked the passes, and betook themselves to plunder. Sale's brigade

was on the eve of its return to India, and a native regiment belonging to it, with some cavalry and artillery and a detachment of George Broadfoot's sappers, were sent in advance on the errand of clearing the passes. Colonel Monteath and his force were attacked and compelled to halt at Bootkhak, one march out. Sale was immediately ordered out with the Thirteenth (Queen's) and some artillery. The Thirteenth was Havelock's regiment, with which he had seen no fighting since Burmah, and he got permission from General Elphinstone temporarily to join Sale. On October 12th Sale moved to Bootkhak, picked up Monteath's force, pushed with it through the Khoord Cabul pass, encountering serious opposition, left Monteath beyond the pass, and fought his way back to Bootkhak to obtain reinforcements and transport. He had been severely wounded, and he sent Havelock, whom he had made his staff-officer, back into cantonments to urge expedition. Strengthened by a second native regiment and other details the brigade pushed on to Tezeen, through seventeen miles of defiles every foot of which was contested. At Tezeen a convention was patched up with the Ghilzies on the footing of the restoration of their allowances, and Sale thought himself therefore justified in sending back the native regiment and details which had constituted his latest reinforcement. Havelock was anxious to return to Cabul with this body, but the wounded Sale, finding him indispensable, gave him the firm order to remain with him, and accepted all responsibility. The Ghilzies broke faith and harassed the brigade all through the passes to Gundamak, not a little, as Broadfoot acknowledges, to the demoralisation of both British and native soldiers. Broadfoot was a very frank

correspondent, and spoke his mind with great freedom. This was the opinion he expressed at this time of Havelock: "Among our good officers, first comes Captain Havelock. It is the fashion, especially in his own corps, to sneer at him; his manners are cold, while his religious opinions (Baptist) seclude him from society; but the whole of them together would not compensate for his loss. Brave to admiration, imperturbably cool, looking at his profession as a science, and, as far as I can see or judge, correct in his views." This was "praise from Sir Hubert," for Broadfoot was a severe critic.

At Gundamak, where the brigade arrived on October 3rd, Sale had instructions to await orders from Cabul. While halted there he received news of the murder of Burnes and of the despondency and disorganisation prevalent in the Cabul cantonment. Sale's military superior directed his return to Cabul, if he could with safety leave his sick and wounded with the detachment of irregulars garrisoning Gundamak. A council of war was held in which Havelock took a leading part, although, not being a commanding officer, neither on this nor in any subsequent council had he a vote. He argued very forcibly against a return to Cabul. The council decided against going back and determined instead to go forward to Jellalabad, which was regarded as an eligible *point d'appui* on which a relieving force might move up, and a retiring force might move down.

The brigade quitted Gundamak on Nov. 11th, leaving in the cantonment there a quantity of camp equipage under charge of the Afghan irregular corps garrisoning the place. Next day that corps mutinied, looted the baggage, burnt the cantonment, and forced the officers

left at Gundamak to fight hard to effect their escape. In the more open country between Futtehabad and Jellalabad the hillmen made themselves exceedingly obnoxious, so that at length Broadfoot persuaded Oldfield to charge them with his cavalry, Broadfoot engaging to support with his sappers. Oldfield cut up sixty or seventy of the enemy; while Broadfoot swept the hills clear of assailants. The same night the brigade encamped under the walls of Jellalabad, and next day entered the place. An inspection showed the works surrounding the town to be indefensible against a vigorous assault in their existing condition. But it was decided to hold the place; Broadfoot, as garrison engineer, undertaking to restore its defences so as to render them secure against Afghan attacks.

Broadfoot had undertaken an arduous task. The *enceinte* of Jellalabad was greatly too extensive for the small force of defenders. Its tracing was vicious in the extreme; it had no parapet to speak of; the ramparts were so dilapidated that there were roads across and over them into the country; the fire-zone was cumbered with ruined structures affording near cover to the enemy. And the enemy were already encircling the position so menacingly that the work of repair could not be commenced. They swept the walls with their fire, and in derision their braves danced to the music of a bagpipe on an adjacent elevation, which was thenceforth known as Piper's Hill. But the Afghans did not stand before the sortie which Colonel Monteath executed on the 15th. They fled with a heavy loss; supplies then began to come in from the adjacent country, and Broadfoot was able to begin the

work of repairing the fortifications. His sappers, a strange corps of Hindustanees, Goorkhas, and Afghans of every tribe, were workmanlike, valiant, disciplined, and loyal. With provident forethought he had exacted by sheer masterfulness from the Cabul stores a supply of entrenching tools which proved simply the salvation of the Jellalabad garrison. All hands worked vigorously, and the repairs were well forward when on the 29th the Afghans came down again and opened fire on the place. Ammunition was short in the garrison—not above one hundred and fifty rounds per man—and the force at the head of which Colonel Dennie sallied out had strict orders to husband their cartridges. Nevertheless he punished the Afghans severely, and as the result of this spirited repulse the garrison enjoyed a period of repose.

At the end of the year came a disheartening letter from Pottinger in Cabul, confirming the rumour already current of the murder of the Envoy and of the virtual capitulation entered into by the Cabul force on the plea of starvation and consequent imperious necessity. On January 8th 1842 Sale received from Cabul an official communication signed by Pottinger as "political," and by General Elphinstone as chief military officer, dated December 29th. It was brought in by three Afghans of consequence, which tended to show that it was written under duress; and its terms confirmed that impression. This humiliating document set forth that the British authorities at Cabul had found it necessary to conclude an agreement for the evacuation of Afghanistan, in pursuance of which the brigade occupying Jellalabad was ordered to begin an immediate retreat on India, leaving the fortress guns in the hands of

a new governor of Jellalabad appointed by the ruling power in Cabul, and also the stores and baggage for which the brigade might not have transport. "Everything," so ran this instruction, "has been done in good faith; you will not be molested on your way; and to the safe-conduct which Akbar Khan has given I trust for the passage of the troops under my immediate orders through the passes." Sale summoned his commanding officers to a council of war, which was unanimous in favour of disobeying the humiliating mandate. Broadfoot, with Havelock at his back, contended vigorously that there was no force in an order by a superior officer who being no longer a free agent issued it under duress; and Sale was outspoken in his repudiation of the abandonment of Jellalabad. No doubt he was stiffened in this resolve by recently received intelligence that Colonel Wild, with reinforcements from India, was already at Jumrood on his march up the passes.

But disastrous tidings came thick and fast. The news from Cabul was most ominous. A letter received on January 10th reported the British people there to be in the most deplorable condition, completely at the mercy of their enemies; another reaching Jellalabad on the 12th, stated that the cantonments had been abandoned and the march commenced, but that the mass of forlorn wayfarers were detained at Bootkhak, hemmed in by the horsemen of Akbar Khan. And finally, about 2 P.M. of the following day—January 13th—the worst apprehensions were more than fulfilled by the arrival of Dr. Brydon,[1] the sole survivor, save a few prisoners and

[1] Dr. Brydon, who was a military surgeon of the Bengal service, must have had strange memories in his retirement on his Ross-shire

some native stragglers, of the sixteen thousand who had marched from the Cabul cantonment on the dreary morning of January 6th. Havelock, an eye-witness of Brydon's arrival, thus describes the scene.

About 2 o'clock on the 13th January some officers were assembled on the roof of the loftiest house in Jellalabad. One of them espied a single horseman riding towards our walls. As he got nearer it was distinctly seen that he wore European clothes, and was mounted on a travel-hacked *yaboo*,[1] which he was urging on with all the speed of which it yet remained master. A signal was made to him by some one on the walls, which he answered by waving a private soldier's forage cap over his head. The Cabul gate was then thrown open, and several officers rushing out received and recognised in the traveller who dismounted, the first, and it is to be feared the last, fugitive of the ill-fated force at Cabul in Dr. Brydon. He was covered with slight cuts and contusions, and dreadfully exhausted. His first few hasty sentences extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding the fortune of the Cabul force. It was evident that it was annihilated. Countenances full of sorrow and dejection were immediately seen in every corner of Jellalabad; all labour was suspended; the working parties recalled; the assembly sounded; the gates were closed, and the walls and batteries manned, and the cavalry stood ready to mount. The first impression was that the enemy were rapidly following a crowd of fugitives in upon the walls, but three shots only were heard; and when the effervescence in some

sheep-farm, where I well remember him—a quiet, rather silent man, much beloved among the neighbouring shepherds and crofters, whose ailments he cared for professionally but gratuitously. He had surely supped full of horrors during those dreadful seven days in the Afghan passes; but fifteen years later there was for him a rere-supper of danger and misery inside the Lucknow Residency. He was of the garrison which endured the memorable siege and made the memorable defence of that position, during which he was shot through the back while sitting at dinner in Mr. Gubbins's house. A. F.

[1] Hill pony.

measure subsided not an Afghan could be discovered. But the recital of Dr. Brydon filled all hearers with horror, grief, and indignation.

Broadfoot took out some of his sappers, on the supposition that the massacre was proceeding close at hand, but was recalled. On coming in he found "the gates shut, and the general and all the officers over the Cabul gate; the poor general looking out with a spy-glass Cabul-ward." A bonfire was burnt at night on a bastion, and the buglers every half hour for three nights sounded the advance. But the sound rallied none from out the long valley of slaughter. Broadfoot was a man of prompt decision. He did not share the hope of early assistance from Wild's force, and he was by no means sure of the fortitude in extremity of Sale and his political adviser Macgregor. As he came back into Jellalabad with his sappers he thought out the problem; he climbed the archway of the Cabul gate, sought out Havelock, and desired him to impress on the general that unless he were resolutely prepared to hold the place to the last extremity, that very night was the time for his retirement. Sale's answer was that he was firmly decided to hold on, and he announced to the Commander-in-Chief his resolve to persevere in a most determined defence, relying on the promise of early relief.

But no early relief came; Wild's brigade failed to penetrate the Khyber; Sale was informed of its defeat, and told that the Jellalabad garrison had no recourse but to work out its own salvation. On the back of those sombre tidings there came to Macgregor from Shah Soojah, the still-extant puppet-monarch, a curt letter,

evidently written under dictation. It ran: "Your people have concluded a treaty with us; you are still in Jellalabad; what are your intentions? Tell us quickly."

In face of the ill news from Peshawur, Sale's resolve to hold Jellalabad to the last extremity had collapsed. He allowed Macgregor to consider certain proposals from Akbar Khan, who was in the vicinity; and then he called a council of war which assembled at his quarters on January 27th. Probably there has never been in the military history of our nation a more momentous and interesting assemblage of the kind. On its decision pivoted our prestige in India; perhaps even our tenure of India. The proceedings of this "Jellalabad parliament," as Broadfoot calls it, were recorded by Havelock in his capacity of Sale's staff-officer. The record, and all the papers produced during the debates, remained in his possession until the armies of Pollock and Nott returned to India after the evacuation of Afghanistan. The documents were then taken from Havelock and destroyed, with a view to spare the reputation of General Sale. Aware of this destruction, Broadfoot in 1843, when his memory of the transactions was still fresh, wrote a detailed narrative of them, which he sent to Havelock that he might note "any points erroneously stated, distinguishing between what you may merely not remember, and what you know I am mistaken in." Havelock replied that Broadfoot's memoranda "constitute a fair and correct statement of what occurred." This invaluable document is printed for the first time in the admirable biography of Major Broadfoot,[1] published by his nephew in 1888.

[1] Major W. Broadfoot, R.E.

It happened to the writer to visit Jellalabad on Christmas day 1878, in the company of Major Bailey of the Rifle Brigade who had been a sergeant in Havelock's regiment during the siege of 1841-2. Major Bailey pointed out the scene of the historic council of war. Sale's headquarters were just inside the Cabul gate on the left as one enters. A quadrangular building of stone, one story high, surrounds a pretty garden court with a fountain in the centre. In the spacious raised forehall or vestibule, of which the front is a trellis of wrought woodwork up which creepers twine, the council held its discussions. It was midwinter, but the meetings were in the daytime, and the winter sun is very hot in Jellalabad. On the day of our visit before sunrise the water was frozen solid in the *chillumchee*; at noon it was hotter than it ever is in England. Within the same twenty-four hours a man of Sir Sam. Browne's division was killed by sunstroke; another was frozen to death.

At the head of the long table sat Sale, lame still from his Khoord Cabul wound; bluff and hasty, an excellent soldier, brave as a lion, but out of the battlefield not of strong resolution, and what he originally may have had broken by the continual dictation of "politicals." By him was his particular "political" of this period, Captain Macgregor, a well-meaning man, but unendowed with the constancy of his nation. Havelock and Wade, Sale's staff-officers, were present in that capacity, but neither had a vote. The commanding officers stood or sat around the table on which Havelock wrote and Macgregor had his papers. Colonel Dennie of the Thirteenth was a valiant and single-hearted soldier,

nervous beyond measure under responsibility, and during this period a boding and unstrung pessimist. Colonel Monteath of the Thirty-fifth N.I. was a very capable officer, of considerable culture, pompous of speech—"his usual declamation," in Havelock's words, "having something of the character of prose on stilts"—wearing a wig to hide his baldness, and concerned beyond all other things that the artificiality of his *chevelure* should not be detected. Captain Backhouse, of the artillery, was a very gallant and efficient officer, his chief attribute a grim and trenchant humour; his diary, could it be published, which is impossible because of the extremely strong expressions with which it is rife, would afford a vivid picture of the inner life of the Jellalabad period. Oldfield, commanding the cavalry, was full of dash and vigour in the field; save for one vehement and characteristic outbreak he took little part in the debates. Of Captain Abbott, like Backhouse a gunner, there is nothing to be said but that he was an experienced and meritorious officer, on the yielding side in the main question debated by the council, and apparently endowed with humour of a saturnine kind. Captain George Broadfoot was immeasurably the master-spirit of the memberhood. He had a compelling force of character, and a great intolerance of everything ignoble and unworthy. When not yet thirty-nine he fell in the heart of the fierce fighting at Ferozeshah, he was already among the foremost Anglo-Indians of his time; had he lived longer he would have gone further.

Sir Robert Sale opened the proceedings of the council by saying that he had called the officers together to consult on a matter on which Captain Macgregor and

he were agreed, and the details of which the latter would explain. From the first the deliberations and discussions were characterised by great excitement. Macgregor began by stating his conviction that they had nothing to hope from the Government. Reserving his right to act as he thought proper, he was willing to hear the officers' opinion regarding offers he had received from Akbar Khan (then at Lughman) to treat for the evacuation of Afghanistan; and he laid before them a reply to Shah Soojah's curt letter, to which he desired their assent. That reply professed the garrison's readiness to quit Jellalabad on Shah Soojah's requisition, the place being held only for him, but named certain conditions: the exchanging of hostages; the restoration of the British prisoners and the hostages in exchange for the Afghan hostages on the arrival of the force at Peshawur; an escort commanded by one of the princes to conduct the force thither "in safety and honour" with arms, colours, and guns; and assistance in the matters of supplies and carriage. Both Sale and Macgregor intimated that they were resolved to yield and negotiate for a safe retreat.

Then Broadfoot arose in his wrath. He maintained that the Government, although their measures were weak, had given no grounds for a belief that they had abandoned the Jellalabad force to its fate. General Sale contradicted him, and in the heat of debate quoted the terms of the "French letter."[1] Macgregor denied that its terms were so strong as the general had said.

[1] A letter written in French which had been received from the Indian Government; neither the original nor any copy has been allowed to remain extant.

Then Broadfoot insisted on its production; it seems it had been held back when the other papers bearing on the subject had been produced and read. It was read, and its terms were found as Sale had said. Then there was a general outburst of indignation "which knew no bounds" against the Governor-General and the Government, including the Commander-in-Chief, but chiefly the Governor-General; Backhouse especially breaking out in vehement explosion. Broadfoot, driven from his contention of non-abandonment by the Government, urged that a new Governor-General was on his way out, and now that the Duke of Wellington was again in office the maintenance of a feeble war policy was impossible; but he argued in vain, and by the intemperance of his language gave his adversaries, Dennie and Abbott, some advantage over him. So he proposed an adjournment, which was agreed to. In departing Colonel Monteath concurred with Broadfoot as to the duty of holding out, and "quoted some not inappropriate poetry."

The same night Broadfoot had a conference with Havelock, who was with him heart and soul, but disapproved of the warmth of his language, and suggested that he should put his views temperately on paper. To every word so written Havelock agreed, "and during the subsequent meeting occasionally intimated his adhesion to these views, but he had no vote."

When the council met next day Dennie and Abbott opened a fire of ridicule on Broadfoot, hinting that his passion overcame his judgment. Monteath avoided him gloomily, and was gained over by Macgregor in a long conversation. Broadfoot got a hearing for his

paper, and its points were argued in succession. Sale and Macgregor renewed their allegation that the Government had abandoned them, now that Wild had failed. They urged the impossibility of holding out much longer—that later retreat would be impracticable, and that the plan now proposed was safe and honourable; Macgregor's assurance of Afghan good faith being so confident as to convince most of the members. Broadfoot, on the other hand, contended that they could hold Jellalabad as long as they liked—"could colonise, in fact"—and also could retreat at discretion. He reiterated the improbability of total abandonment by the Government; he denied vehemently that they held Jellalabad for Shah Soojah, and challenged their right to surrender it except by order of the Indian Government.

The question of exchanging hostages was keenly debated. Broadfoot held Afghan hostages to be utterly worthless in their hands, so long as the enemy held their hostages and prisoners. Sale said if he were attacked he would execute a hostage. Broadfoot's crushing retort was that the enemy would hang two of the captive ladies before Sale's face for every hostage he executed. He opposed the giving of hostages as disgraceful. Colonel Monteath said nobody would go. Broadfoot replied he would go if ordered, as a soldier under discipline, but if the capitulation was once agreed to, he would hold himself free to act on the first shot in violation of it. Then for once Oldfield lifted up his voice in the discussion. He spoke to the point: "I for one will fight here to the last drop of my blood, but I plainly declare that I will never be a hostage, and I am surprised that any one should propose such a thing, or think that an

Afghan's word is to be taken for anything." Oldfield's outbreak carried weight. The proposal to treat for a surrender was carried, Oldfield only voting with Broadfoot against it; but the stipulations regarding hostages were omitted.

Broadfoot still continued to advance objections, or rather modifications. He proposed, but in vain, that the prisoners should be demanded before departure. Then he urged, that if evacuation were resolved on, it should be conducted as an independent military operation, not degradingly under escort; and he propounded a feasible plan of execution, but the matter dropped. Finally, he objected to certain phrases in the letter to Shah Soojah as too abject. They were altered; the letter was written out, signed by Macgregor, and despatched to Cabul. When the votes had been taken, and the gathering was breaking up, he had the last word. He ironically congratulated his brother officers on the figure they should cut if a relieving force should arrive just as they were marching out. Dennie protested that in this case he would not go. Broadfoot retorted that since they were honest men and kept faith he would be made to go. Whereupon there was merriment.

Dennie, when the council had broken up, rashly revealed its resolve to evacuate the place. Havelock rushed at him, entreating him to silence for the sake of maintaining the spirits of the soldiers. More practically Broadfoot contributed to that end by immediately setting the whole garrison to dig a ditch round the fortifications. By and by the answer came back from Cabul: "If you are sincere in your offers, let all the chief gentlemen affix their seals." During the interval Broad-

foot's arguments had told on the majority of the council. When it met again he was supported by all its members except Sir Robert Sale and Captain Macgregor, who remained obstinately blind to the lesson of the Cabul disaster. A reply was sent which did not convey a continuation of the negotiation; the Jellalabad council of war was dissolved, and the credit of its resolve not to comply with the humiliating proposal of Sale and Macgregor belongs to Broadfoot, who was firmly though unostentatiously supported by Havelock. There was thenceforth no more talk of surrender, nor was the courage of the garrison daunted even when the earthquake of February 19th shook the newly repaired ramparts into utter ruin. Broadfoot inspired the garrison with his indomitable energy, and, in Havelock's words, "by the end of the month the parapets were entirely restored, the Cabul gate rendered serviceable, the bastions restored or filled in, and every battery re-established." The soldiers, invigorated by fine air and enforced temperance—the rum was long since done—were in admirable condition. "A long course of sobriety and labour," he remarks, "has made men of mere boys of recruits, and brought the almost raw levy which formed two-thirds of the array of the Thirteenth to the firm standard of Roman discipline."

General Pollock was known to be making energetic preparations for forcing the passes between Peshawur and Jellalabad. But he did not expect to reach the latter place before the end of April; and the garrison had been on half rations from soon after the new year. Havelock's estimate was reduced rations, chiefly of grain, till April 13th, contrivances for ten days longer, and

after that inevitable starvation. However, on April 1st, a sally resulted in the acquisition of some five hundred sheep, which contributed to restore the situation. Jellalabad had been invested more or less closely by Akbar Khan since February 15th, and, in consequence of the non-evacuation of the place, large reinforcements to him were threatened from Cabul. There was sharp fighting on several days of March, always in favour of our people; and with the accession of the meat supply Havelock tried hard to stir Sale to raise the siege by the garrison's own exertions as the result of a bold attack on Akbar. Sale shrank from the responsibility. On April 6th the Afghan prince fired a salute in honour of a supposititious victory over Pollock in the lower passes. Then the senior officers plainly told Sir Robert that they were resolved on attacking Akbar. Thus braced he was fain to consent, and the plan of attack for the following day was drawn up by Havelock. Three infantry columns marched silently out at dawn of the 7th Dennie commanding the centre, Monteath the left, each five hundred strong; Havelock, in the absence of Broadfoot severely wounded on March 24th, commanding the right column —a company of the Thirteenth, another of Sepoys, and a detachment of Broadfoot's sappers, in all three hundred and fifty bayonets. General Sale was in command of the whole force. Akbar, reputed six thousand strong, was drawn up in front of his camp about two miles from Jellalabad, his flank on the Cabul river. He had a post in "the patched up fort," a mile and a quarter nearer, held by three hundred picked men. Havelock gave this fort the go-by and pushed on through the skirmish fire against Akbar's main body. But Sale

ordered Dennie to carry the fort. Thus delay arose, the guns had to be sent for, the Thirteenth suffered some loss, and poor Dennie was killed. By Sale's orders Havelock had halted, and he formed square against a threatened cavalry attack, with a detached flanking party under cover. Down came Akbar's horse, fifteen hundred strong, on Havelock's firm square. Their chief rode straight on the bayonets but was not followed home; and a steady fire drove the horsemen off with severe loss. Havelock had a narrow escape. When outside the square he was thrown by his horse, and was rescued from the Afghan swords just in the nick of time. Having moved on he was again charged with a like result; Backhouse brought up his guns, and Havelock and he entered the Afghan camp as Akbar abandoned it. The other columns came up and co-operated; the Afghans were swept clean out of their position, their cannon—four of which had been ours—were taken and their whole camp was burned. Akbar, by 7 o'clock on this April morning, had been utterly defeated in the open field by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading.

There was no more annoyance, no more scarcity. The garrison of Jellalabad, after a siege of five months, had wrought out its own relief. Pollock, laden with unneeded supplies, reached Jellalabad a fortnight after Havelock's "crowning mercy," and was played into camp by the band of the Thirteenth to the tune, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming." Pollock would have made Havelock his Persian interpreter, at Sale's request, but the Commander-in-Chief had designated him for the post of Deputy-Adjutant-General of the infantry division commanded by General M'Caskill.

It was not until August 20th that Pollock moved forward on Cabul. There was a halt at Gundamak till September 7th, while the Mammoo Khel tribe were being harried relentlessly in retribution for their cruelties of January. Next day the hillmen were driven from the Jugdulluck pass, and Pollock cleared the defile without serious loss. Akbar sent one of his prisoners to negotiate with intent to stay the advance on the capital, but in vain. Then he determined on a final struggle, for he too was a hero after his fashion. He sent his prisoners into the fastnesses of the Hindoo Koosh, and gathered his adherents in and about the ravine of the Khoord Cabul pass, there to fight out the quarrel. But Pollock astutely halted on the opener ground of Tezeen, short of the Khoord Cabul. Akbar thought him daunted, abandoned his vantage ground, and moved down into the Tezeen valley. The battle was fought over the unburied bodies of Elphinstone's slaughtered soldiers. Pollock's men, as they trode perforce on their dead comrades and saw their bodies built up in breastworks covering the Afghans, were in a white heat of fury, and panted for revenge. They took it. Under the cavalry sabres a fresh layer of dead cumbered the ground of the valley; the infantry swept the hill faces at the bayonet point. Broadfoot's bloodthirsty Goorkhas, better cragsmen than the Afghan hillmen themselves, slaughtered them to the very mountain tops. The victory was complete, and two days later, on September 14th, Pollock quartered his force in the desolated cantonment of Cabul. Immediately he despatched Richmond Shakspeare, at the head of six hundred horse, in hot quest after the convoy of prisoners; Sale followed with the Thirteenth. Their

bribed custodian had ceased to guard them, and they were already free and on their way to Cabul when Shakspeare met them. Four days afterwards Sale greeted his wife and daughter; and on the 21st the prisoners were brought into the cantonment. Havelock had a nephew among them, one of the Ghuznee prisoners. He was searching for his relative when a "tall figure, clad in an Afghan dress, with a beard of months, called out: 'Here I am, Uncle!'"

Nott's army from Candahar reached Cabul three days after Pollock's advent, having experienced some sharp fighting by the way. The Kohistanees, living to the north of Cabul, had been very murderous at the time of the general rising, and M'Caskill's division was sent to punish them by destroying Istalif, their beautiful little fortress-capital. M'Caskill appears to have been more of a sensible man than of a skilled soldier; he entrusted, we are told, the entire management of this expedition to Havelock, who describes succinctly and lucidly the progress and issue of the attack.

> The enemy's position in gardens and enclosures backed by a town, the flat roofs of which on the mountain side were occupied by riflemen, was strong, and its defenders numerous and full of audacity; but the advance of one column, aided by the manœuvres of another, quickly dislodged them. The ground would not permit the use of artillery, but the pace of the infantrymen was so good that the Afghans could not face them in the vineyards, and once thrown into confusion, could never rally. Our troops, indeed, behaved everywhere well, and there was far less of outrage of every kind, and above all to the women, than is seen ninety-nine times out of a hundred in cases of towns and cities stormed.

It was a clever little affair, for which M'Caskill

got the Bath and Havelock naturally nothing. Istalif was burnt, its trees were rather wantonly cut down, and the adjacent villages were destroyed. On October 16th the armies of Pollock and Nott began the return march to India, taking the Khyber route. Lord Ellenborough was waiting for them at the bridge-head on the British side of the Sutlej. On December 17th, the earliest to cross, "the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad" defiled across the bridge. "I crossed," wrote Havelock, "in the suite of Sir Robert Sale, borrowed for the hour as a part of the triumphant pageant with which India's ruler greeted him who was truly regarded as, under Providence, its preserver. Thus auspiciously terminated my four years' connection with Afghanistan." The expression applied to Sale was more than hyperbolical, especially when emanating from one who knew what Havelock knew; but Havelock had been Sale's staff-officer, and he had a habitual good word for superior officers to whom he belonged.

CHAPTER III

GWALIOR AND THE PUNJAB

In the shower of promotions which descended copiously on the army whose return from Afghanistan Lord Ellenborough greeted with so great effusion, Havelock did not participate. He went forth toward Afghanistan a captain in 1838; a captain he came out in the end of 1842. The only souvenir given him of his service beyond the Indus was what he called "a bit of red ribbon"; he was made a C.B. for his prominent share in the defeat of Akbar Khan outside Jellalabad on April 7th, 1842. When the Ferozepore ceremonials were finished he reverted to regimental duty, and for three months concerned himself with "the oversight of the shirts and stockings of No. 4 Company of H.M.'s Thirteenth Light Infantry." From April to October 1843, he was on leave at Simla with Mrs. Havelock. Near the end of his stay there he got his majority without purchase, and never subsequently did a stroke of regimental duty. Immediately on his promotion he was made Persian interpreter on the staff of the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, whose camp he joined at Cawnpore in the end of October, in time to participate in the short Gwalior campaign.

The Afghan disasters had sensibly altered the tone of the native states in their relations with the British *raj*. The Mahratta state of Gwalior had a mercenary army of a strength quite disproportioned to its requirements, its revenue, and its population. It consisted of thirty thousand regular infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and two hundred guns, and was commanded and disciplined by officers of European descent. The troops, conscious of their strength, had the mastery in the state, resisted the reduction of their numbers, and constituted a standing menace on our frontier. A conspiracy, resulting in the expulsion of the Regent and the withdrawal of the British Resident, gave Lord Ellenborough an opportunity of which he readily availed himself; and he resolved to crush the powerful military force which, quartered within sixty-five miles of Agra, threatened his line of communication with the regions farther west.

The campaign was short but bloody. Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by Lord Ellenborough, marched into the Gwalior territory from the north at the head of twelve thousand men; General Grey with seven thousand, invaded it from the south. The plan of campaign, as Havelock pointed out, was essentially vicious, since it accorded to the Mahratta army, stronger than both the British armies together, the interior lines. But the Mahrattas fortunately had no capable general, as Sir Hugh Gough probably knew; and they amiably subdivided their strength, sending fourteen thousand men to oppose Gough, and seven thousand to confront Grey. Had Gough been opposed by the mass of the Gwalior army he would most probably have been beaten; as it was, fighting with twelve

thousand men against fourteen thousand, he gained a victory only after a most stubborn contest.

A reconnaissance sent out by Gough on December 28th, found the Gwalior army in a strong position at Chounda, a few miles beyond his headquarters at Hingona. On the following morning the British army moved forward to the attack. The campaign was regarded in the light of a pleasant picnic; Gough and his staff-officers held the Mahrattas a contemptible rabble who might be relied on to fly at the first shot. General Churchill, the quartermaster, who expiated his bombast with his life, lightly observed that the only weapon he should need would be a horsewhip. The arrangement was to breakfast at Maharajpore, a village intermediate between Hingona and Chounda. It is needless to mention that no second reconnaissance was thought necessary. The troops marched forward without scouts; the Governor-General and a number of ladies who were the guests of his camp, were with the head of the column on elephants. Suddenly a round shot carried off the ear of an elephant on which one of the ladies was mounted, and confusion ensued. The Mahrattas, very much to their own detriment, had during the night advanced into Maharajpore seven battalions and twenty cannon, and had entrenched their position there; so that for Lord Ellenborough and his ladies there was no breakfast in Maharajpore that morning. Gough had to rearrange all his dispositions in a hurry, and the battle which ensued was characterised as one in which everybody and everything were out of place. The heavy guns were away in the rear, and our light field artillery was silenced by the admir-

ably served heavy ordnance of the Mahrattas. Gough had recourse to his customary expedient, a direct advance of infantry on a position unsubjected to a preliminary artillery preparation, but in justice to him it must be said that on this occasion he accompanied the direct advance by a turning movement. Littler's division moved to the storm of the battery and the village; to Valiant's brigade was entrusted the task of turning the enemy's Chounda position. The Mahratta guns were fought as long as a gunner was left; then the Mahratta infantry fought it out with ours. In the course of their turning movement Valiant's people stormed three successive lines of entrenchments under a heavy cannonade. Then while they fell on the flank, Littler's soldiers assailed the main position in front, and it was carried after fighting which caused Gough the loss of nearly one thousand men; "a loss," he frankly owned, "infinitely beyond what I calculated upon. Indeed, I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents." The Mahrattas were completely defeated, with a loss of fifty-six guns and many standards. The day of Maharajpore was also the day of Punniar; in which latter battle Grey gained a very neat and complete victory, at much less proportionate cost than Gough had to pay for his Maharajpore success. These two simultaneous battles ended the campaign. The Gwalior army, reduced to nine thousand men, was to be watched by a "contingent" of ten thousand men officered by Britons, and maintained, according to our method, at the cost of the Gwalior state. Lord Ellenborough, having covered himself with glory by "moving about with great intrepidity under a shower of bullets, distributing money and oranges among the

wounded," was back in Calcutta within two months, and busy, according to his wont, in composing and publishing grandiloquent manifestoes.

Havelock received his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy for Maharajpore, when he had been a soldier for twenty-eight years — not particularly slow promotion as promotion went then. He had thoroughly earned his brevet; it was no empty compliment as a member of the Commander-in-Chief's staff. In the final struggle of the frontal attack against the Chounda entrenchments, the Thirty-ninth (Queen's) and the Fifty-sixth N.I., regiments of the same brigade, were named as having specially distinguished themselves. That distinction the native battalion unquestionably owed to Havelock. Marshman thus describes the episode.

> The Fifty-sixth had been advancing, but at so slow a pace as to exhaust the patience of Gough. "Will no one get that Sepoy regiment on?" he exclaimed. Havelock undertook the office, and riding to its head, inquired the name of the corps. "It is the Fifty-sixth Native Infantry." "I don't want its number," he replied; "what is the native name?" "Lamboorun-ke-pultan—Lambourn's regiment." Then he took off his hat, and facing the regiment, he addressed it by its native name in the native tongue; and in a few complimentary and cheering words, reminded it that it was under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief. He then led it up to the batteries, and afterwards remarked "that whereas it had been difficult to get the regiment forward before, the difficulty now was to restrain its impetuosity."

The most conscientious of men in all private affairs, Havelock's code of political morality was of the directest "might makes right" type. Had he been an American politician, he would have been heart and soul with Andrew Jackson's axiom that "to the victors belong the

spoils." In a letter to Durand regretting that the retribution Pollock inflicted on Afghanistan was so tame, he wrote: "I hold the ultra, and perhaps irregular opinion of the expediency of keeping Afghanistan altogether, in the way of complete subjugation, after having once come there." This view of the subject reduces the results of successful invasion to first principles, and its adoption would render needless stupid diplomatic congresses for the readjustment of territory on the conclusion of great wars. How staunch Havelock was to his doctrine is evinced in the following quotation from a letter he wrote after Maharajpore: "As regards politics, I was at first angry enough at the old *raj* (of Gwalior) not being smashed outright; and in a conversation with the Governor-General over the grave of General Churchill —who had fallen in the action—told him with a magniloquent emphasis that this ought to have been a war of subjugation."

After the Gwalior campaign Havelock spent the least laborious two years of his life on Sir Hugh Gough's staff, at Simla, at Calcutta, and on tours of inspection with his chief from military station to military station. At Simla he enjoyed much intimate intercourse with his closest and most appreciative friend, Major George Broadfoot, whom Lord Ellenborough at the close of the Afghan war had sent to Burmah to fill there a very important civil appointment, and whom Lord Ellenborough's successor, Sir Henry Hardinge, recalled to India in September 1844 to undertake the duty of Political Agent for the North-West frontier, at the time the most important post at the Governor-General's disposal. Broadfoot toiled hard and skilfully in his delicate and

responsible political position. On the morning of Moodkee, when he warned the Governor-General that in the dense cloud of dust rising to the sky a Sikh army was marching to the attack, the ambidextrous man added: "My political functions are over, and the care of the frontiers henceforward belongs to the bayonet." Four days later Broadfoot lay dead in the trench of a Sikh battery, shattered with wound on wound; and his sorrowing friend Havelock was in the heart of his fourth campaign—a campaign on a larger scale than any in which he had previously shared. The battle of Feroze-shah was the turning-point of the first Sikh War.

Our old ally Runjeet Singh, the strong ruler of the Punjab, had died when the Army of the Indus was on its march to Cabul. He was succeeded by his weak son Khurrŭk Singh, who died in 1840, notwithstanding, or because of, physic composed of pounded emeralds. His successor and reputed half-brother, Sher Singh, was murdered with his son in 1843. On his death, Duleep Singh, a child of five, a nominal son of old Runjeet, was proclaimed Maharajah, and maintained on the throne by the vigour and audacity of his mother, Ranee Jind Kowur, better known as Jindun, whom Sir Henry Hardinge called "the Messalina of the Punjab," and who ultimately died in obscurity in Kensington. Before Duleep Singh's accession the Sikh army had lapsed into a condition of insubordination, and indeed of open mutiny. It had ceased to obey orders from the Government, and acted under the direction of its *punchayuts* or regimental committees, which were elected by the men, and which decided on all important questions, such as what pay the army should demand, where it would

serve, and what officers it would recognise. Later those committees practically decided questions of government and policy, and appointed or dismissed the nominal ministers of the realm. Most armies in such conditions would have deteriorated in efficiency, but the army of the Khalsa, as events proved, retained in the anarchy which its abuse of power caused and maintained the full measure of its soldierly attributes. In a belief that the Sikh army could hold its own against the once-dreaded British arms the committees were fortified by inductive reasoning. For the Sikhs had humbled the Afghans, and taken from them the Douranee province of Peshawur; the Afghans, according to universal native reckoning, had baffled the English and had certainly destroyed a whole Feringhee army. Therefore the Sikhs could beat the English. The premises were fairly accurate, and the syllogism had a very tempting aspect of completeness. The anarchy of the Punjab and the masterfulness of the Khalsa army at length grew to such a height in the last months of 1845, that the Ranee Jindun, realising the risk of the situation to her son and herself, resolved on an attempt to pluck the flower of safety out of the nettle danger. In the language of Herbert Edwardes: "Finding that it was hopeless to oppose the army, the Ranee wisely yielded; encouraged its excesses; called its madness reason; and urged it on in the hope of guiding it to destruction. History scarcely records a conception more bold and able." The troops were hounded on to the enterprise of crossing the Sutlej by the argument that the Durbar treasury was empty and that the soldiers must look to British spoil for their aggrandisement. Over the tomb of Runjeet a solemn

oath of mutual fidelity was sworn, and the army pledged itself to the immediate invasion of British India.

During one long critical year George Broadfoot abode on our frontier watching and intent, as the skilful physician watches in a patient the threatened development of disease. The sagacity, the wisdom, the self-restraint, and the maintenance withal of the dignity of the power he represented, which marked Broadfoot's conduct during this eventful period, kindle the warmest admiration and intensify the regret for his premature although glorious death. Nor was the Governor-General other than equal to the duties of a crisis so serious. Lord Ellenborough, when recalled, had amassed over sixteen thousand men in the garrison-places of our North-West; Sir Henry Hardinge had increased the number to thirty thousand in the stations nearest the frontier, with a reserve of ten thousand more at Meerut. Lord Ellenborough's sixty-six guns had been increased by his exertions to ninety-nine. It was with a wise reluctance to provoke hostilities that Hardinge refrained from a display of military strength in the vicinity of the Sutlej; and that the garrisons behind it were unostentatiously filled with men and material of war; and with a frontier of so great length it was good strategy also to refrain from scattering troops in the attempt to picket it. In his unhurried progress Sir Henry Hardinge did not reach Umballah until December 3rd. The Commander-in-Chief living at Umballah on the hair-trigger as he was, had coolly issued invitations for a ball, which the route forced him to cancel. There was some momentary trouble as to the rationing of the Meerut force on its way to the front, in case it should

have to be ordered up. This the Commissary-General, after the manner of Commissary-Generals, said might be arranged in the course of six weeks. "Six weeks!" exclaimed Hardinge — "it must be done in five days!" and turning to Broadfoot said, "You must do it!" In his quiet way Broadfoot replied: "Well, it is rather sharp work, but it shall be done if possible;" and it proved to be possible. Then Abbott had a long gallop on the spur to Kossoulie in the hills, to warn the two European regiments there for the field at a few hours' notice. On the night of December 9th, when the Governor-General was one march beyond Umballah, Broadfoot received tidings that the Sikhs had begun to cross the Sutlej. Immediately orders went to Gough at Umballah—Havelock in his suite—to advance; and he moved out on the 12th with the Umballah force about seven thousand strong, and pressed on by forced marches. Hardinge himself rode to Loodianah, garrisoned the fort there with the infirm men of Wheeler's brigade, and ordered that officer with his five thousand hale soldiers and twelve guns to strike down into the direct road at Busean, and cover the depot of supplies gathered there, pending the coming up of Gough and the Umballah force. The junction was effected on December 16th; all superfluous baggage was weeded out; and twelve thousand men in light marching order hurried toward the Sutlej. After crossing the river a large body of Sikhs under Tej Singh remained in a position threatening Ferozepore; the bulk of the Khalsa army, the full strength of which subsequent information showed to have been about thirty-five thousand men, moved eastward about twelve miles to the village of Ferozeshah, which Lal Singh, who was in

command, set about entrenching and fortifying. On the 17th, when the approach of the British army was reported, in the belief that it consisted only of the troops from Loodianah the Sikh commander moved out a force of all arms half way toward Moodkee, on the not wholly unlikely chance of being able to catch the Feringhees at unawares. In the early morning of the 18th he had an advance party in the village of Moodkee.

On that same morning Gough's army was toiling forward to complete a forced march of twenty-one miles. Broadfoot, scouting in advance, came on the Sikh detachment in Moodkee. Too weak to force it to develope its strength, he reported its presence, when Gough formed order of battle and moved forward. The Sikh detachment evacuated Moodkee, which the British occupied about noon, and the exhausted and thirsty soldiers lay down to await the arrival of the baggage. About three P.M. Broadfoot, who was lunching with the Commander-in-Chief, received a scrap of paper. Glancing at it he exclaimed, "The enemy are upon us!" galloped away to the front, and soon returned with confirmation of the words. Some were inclined to discredit him, attributing to skirmishers the cloud of dust on the horizon. "That dust," retorted Broadfoot, "is the Sikh army!" and he was right. Gough, as at Maharajpore, was completely taken by surprise; as then, he now adopted the hasty offensive as the readiest method of retrieval. The Sikhs, halting in a position among copses and sandhills, gave him time to hurry his wearied troops into a rough formation effected under fire from the enemy's twenty-two cannon. It was not completed until four P.M., when only an hour of daylight remained.

Gough's cavalry, attacking both flanks, drove back the Sikh horsemen and laid bare the infantry and artillery. The British guns were gallantly handled, Brookes advancing them up to the edge of the jungle under a hail of bullets and grape; but they were light field pieces, and most of the Sikh cannon were 12-pounders. As in most of Gough's battles, the brunt of the fighting fell on the infantry, which, under the unsubdued fire from the Sikh batteries moved up to close quarters. The punishment was so severe as to stagger one of the European regiments, but Gough with his staff opportunely rode to its head and led it forward. A native regiment broke and fell back; Havelock was sent to rally it, and succeeded by the taunt that "the enemy was in front, not in the rear." The Sikh infantry and gunners fought with remarkable obstinacy; but bayonet pressure on their front and cavalry sabres on their flanks at last shook them, and they retreated leaving seventeen guns in the hands of the victors. "Night alone," wrote Gough, "saved them from worse disaster." He had gained his victory, but it was not a triumph to boast of. The British loss was two hundred and fifteen killed and six hundred and fifty-seven wounded; but the Sikhs were not accountable for all this slaughter. Mr. Currie thus wrote to Lord Ellenborough: "Night soon closed in; we were in a low tree jungle, and the dust was excessive; all this added to the confusion. The troops got pell-mell together, and it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, or to tell where any one was; in the confusion our troops fired upon one another. Twice was I with Sir Henry under a heavy and destructive fire of grape and musketry

from our own guns; and I am satisfied, and so is Sir Henry, that half the casualties at Moodkee were from the fire of our own people."

Among the slain were gallant old Sale and Sir J. M'Caskill, Havelock's old Istalif chief. Havelock escaped unhurt, but had two horses shot under him. His old Afghanistan charger "Feroze" was killed by a round shot. Broadfoot remounted him on a pony, which was presently wounded. Broadfoot set him on horseback yet again, with the remark that "it was a waste of horseflesh to mount him."

There were some twenty-five thousand Sikhs, with eighty or ninety guns, in an entrenched position ten miles off at Ferozeshah; several thousands more, not much farther distant, were threatening Ferozepore. After the experience at Moodkee of the fighting qualities of the Khalsa soldiery, Gough and Hardinge must have realised that their prospect was the reverse of brilliant. The army remained at Moodkee until the morning of the 21st unmolested, though in expectation of an attack it had stood under arms during many hours of the 19th. On that evening there had arrived a welcome reinforcement —the two European regiments from the hills hurried up by Abbott, a native infantry regiment, and four heavy guns. The advance on Ferozeshah was made on the 21st, all wounded, sick, baggage, and provisions being left at Moodkee, protected by two regiments of native infantry. The march was not direct on Ferozeshah, but to a point about three miles south of that place, where a junction was effected with the force of six thousand men which Sir John Littler had brought out from Ferozepore, evading skilfully the Sikh force watching the station.

Littler was fairly punctual at the rendezvous, and the junction was officially reported to have been complete at half-past one, within about a mile and a half of the Sikh position. The attack did not begin until after three, so that some unexplained delay must have occurred, exceptionally unfortunate on the shortest day of the year. The British force was formed in four divisions, of which Gilbert's had the right, Wallace's the centre, and Littler's the left; Sir Harry Smith's division constituted the reserve. Gough's total strength was about seventeen thousand three hundred men, with sixty-nine field guns: the four heavy guns recently arrived do not appear to have been used. The Sikh entrenched position was assaulted on the southern and western faces, where the entrenchments were strongest and the batteries most formidable; but those were the faces nearest respectively to Moodkee and Ferozepore.

Ferozeshah was a blundering butcherly battle, of the old-fashioned, confused, slaughtering sort, of which Fontenoy is the type. The divisions did not fall on simultaneously. Littler's was the first to engage, its objective the enemy's west face. Under a crushing fire it advanced steadily to within one hundred and fifty yards of the batteries, and the order to charge was then given. It was obeyed, but not with the vigour which alone could achieve success. One of the European regiments first halted and then wheeled about, it was alleged by order of its brigadier, when within fifty yards of the entrenchment; it had lost seven officers and seventy-six men. In vain did Littler exert himself to retrieve the situation; his attack had failed, and the division withdrew out of shot and took no further part in the fighting. The two divisions

assailing the south face of the entrenched position found themselves overlapping it on both flanks. The troops, anxious to confront a foe, crowded in upon the centre and thus masked their own guns, exposing also denser masses to the destructive fire of the Sikh artillery. But the assault was pressed resolutely home, and in a measure succeeded. The Sikhs made a desperate resistance, and their batteries had to be carried at the bayonet point at a ghastly expenditure of life. Driven from their cannon they fell back into an interior position around their camp and maintained there a steady musketry fire. Isolated attacks nevertheless penetrated some distance into their camp, which was set on fire in places. The Third Light Dragoons[1] covered themselves with glory. They rode at a Sikh battery, silenced it by killing the gunners, and dashing into the Sikh camp, swept through it from end to end, clearing for themselves a bloody path. They emerged flushed with success, but they brought not back whole numbers; in their wild charge they had lost sixty killed and ninety wounded. Then came darkness and chaos. "Men of all regiments and all arms were mixed together; generals were doubtful of the fact or the extent of their own success, and colonels knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or of the army of which they formed part." Sir Harry Smith's division in the darkness drifted away out of ken to a village two miles distant. A staff-officer, assuming the army defeated, ordered several regiments back to Ferozepore, and was actually obeyed by a considerable portion of the force.

But the chiefs had stronger nerves and stouter hearts.

[1] Now the Third Hussars.

The troops were gradually drawn back into a position about four hundred yards outside the entrenchments, where were collected the remnants of Gilbert's and Wallace's divisions. Some order was restored, the two divisions were combined into one, and the exhausted, hungry, and thirsty soldiers had some rest. But it was much broken. The Sikhs returned to their batteries, manned some guns, and opened fire. Sir Henry Hardinge had to send two regiments to charge the battery; its guns were spiked, and a measure of quietude was thus attained. But it was truly a night of horrors; the Sikhs were massacring the wounded abandoned in their position; among the sound men the wounded who had been brought out lay groaning in the bitter cold, for there were no field hospitals. There were those who counselled retreat; but of that the chiefs would not hear. They resolved without hesitation that the attack must be at once resumed in the morning. Hardinge, Gough, Havelock, and the staff spent most of the night in visiting the soldiers and inspiriting them with cheery words. It is recorded of an Irish soldier that he said of Sir Henry: "Sure he talked to us as to ladies in a drawing-room, so quiet and polite." Yet his heart must have been very heavy. "Another such battle would shake the Empire" were his words to Havelock.

And another such battle seemed inevitable, for the Sikhs had virtually recovered the whole of their entrenched camp. But they had suffered in morale from the fighting of the previous afternoon and evening. In the night they broke into licence and insubordination. There had been stormy counsels and bitter recrimination, riot, mutiny, and desertion. Lal Singh the

nominal general had fled; his military chest and tents had been plundered. Before daybreak the British combined division had been moved up to the edge of the Sikh entrenchment; at dawn it arose, delivered its assault, took and cleared the batteries, penetrated to the village of Ferozeshah, and then wheeling to the left, swept the whole entrenched camp clear of enemies. This achieved, the British troops were masters of the entire position, of seventy-three guns, of many standards; the line halted as on parade, and the victorious soldiers cheered their leaders as they rode along their front. There were yet critical moments when Tej Singh brought up his cohorts of horse and field of artillery, and made an essay to retrieve the Sikh fortunes. Had he known that the British tumbrils were empty, his efforts might have been stronger; but when he saw Lal Singh's camp in full possession of the troops who were showing him so bold a front, he desisted and withdrew.

Ferozeshah, then, was won; the cost of the victory, six hundred and ninety-four killed and seventeen hundred and twenty-one wounded; fifty-six officers were slain, among them some of the best men of the army. The loss of Broadfoot was irreparable. Havelock escaped skaith, although he continually had exposed himself without stint.

The tide of invasion had been stemmed, and on the second day after Ferozeshah not a Sikh soldier remained on the left bank of the Sutlej; but in the two battles which had wrought this result Sir Hugh Gough had lost a fifth of his effective strength and had exhausted his ammunition. The Sikh Durbar made no overtures, and the war had to be prosecuted; but reinforcements,

supplies of military stores, and a siege train had to be brought up from the distant arsenal of Delhi. Pending their arrival the army had to remain in inactivity. The Sikhs took advantage of its inaction to threaten the British station of Loodianah. Sir Harry Smith, sent to cover it, suffered on his march somewhat severe handling; but was presently able to retaliate with vigour by winning the victory of Aliwal. But Aliwal did not quell the fighting spirit of the gallant Sikhs. Under the eyes of the supine British army they set themselves to the preparation of a defensive position on the left bank of the Sutlej, encircling the village of Sobraon. This field-work consisted of a series of semicircular entrenchments of which the river was the base; its exterior profile, surrounded by a deep ditch, measured two and a half miles. This strong place was defended by sixty-seven heavy guns and thirty-five thousand soldiers, mostly of the Sikh regular army. A bridge of boats connected it with a reserve entrenchment on the Punjab side, whose batteries commanded the flanks of the main stronghold. It was not until February 8th that the heavy ordnance and ammunition reached the British camp. Under cover of a heavy fog Gough next morning put his cannon into position, and disposed his troops in accordance with his scheme of operations. The western end of the entrenchment where it impinged on the river was judged the fittest point of attack, since an entry there would take in reverse the greater part of the fortified semicircle; and General Dick's division was assigned to assail this point. The centre and right divisions, under General Gilbert and Sir Harry Smith respectively, were directed to make feigned attacks at other points.

The fog rose at seven, and the cannonade began. The Sikh guns gave shot for shot, and held their own against Gough's artillery. The British chief was to learn, as the Russians did at Plevna, how little the most vigorous and sustained cannonade can effect against solid and well-planned earthworks. At nine he had made no impression on the enemy's position, and his ammunition was running short. If the Sobraon defences which he had passively allowed to be constructed were to be taken at all, he had to recognise that they must be taken with the bayonet. That was Gough's favourite weapon, and he sent on his infantry, covered by what remained of the missiles which were the food of his great guns. Dick's division moved in admirable order on its appointed objective, crossed the ditch, and stormed the rampart. But it experienced the fiercest opposition and was repulsed over and over again. Fresh regiments sent in reinforcement had also to recoil, the losses were severe and the chances of success were becoming unpromising. It became necessary to convert the feints of the other two divisions into real attacks. The Sikhs were ready also for those. After a desperate struggle in which it lost nearly seven hundred men in half an hour, Gilbert's division succeeded in carrying the central entrenchments and batteries. Sir Harry Smith had to fight hard and lose severely before he was master of the left section. Simultaneously Dick was able to penetrate; but still the work of the British soldiers was only half done. The Sikhs, huddled together in their camp, fought every foot of ground. Sir Henry Hardinge had written of Ferozeshah that he "did not admire Sepoy fighting." He must have mentally retracted the stricture when he saw the little Goorkhas of

the Sirmoor and Naseeree battalions and the tall high-caste Sepoys of the Bengal regiments vying in valour with each other and with their white comrades. The Sikhs would take no quarter; brave old Shem Singh, calling on his warriors of the Khalsa to die fighting for the Gooroo, flung himself on the British bayonets, he and his valiant followers. But discipline prevailed. The battling Sikhs were forced back on the bridge, which traitors had broken down; preferring death to surrender they plunged into the swollen river and were drowned in hundreds, scourged as they drowned by the fire of Gough's horse artillery. It was estimated that at Sobraon the Sikh loss was eight thousand; the British was severe, amounting to two thousand three hundred and eighty-three; but Sobraon was the final and decisive battle of the war. By noon not an unwounded Sikh remained on the left bank of the Sutlej. All the Sikh artillery, stores, and munitions were left in the hands of the victors. Hardinge hurried forward the invasion of the Punjab with electrical energy, and in three days the whole army with all its followers and belongings had crossed the river. But the war was over. Henry Lawrence, who had been appointed Broadfoot's successor, was right when he assured the Governor-General on the afternoon of Sobraon that not another shot would be fired.

Havelock in this battle had his usual fortune. He was in the heart of it, escaped unhurt, and had his horse shot under him. It was a narrow escape, for the ball struck the saddle-cloth within an inch of his thigh. Through the campaign he filled a subordinate although useful and responsible position on Sir Hugh Gough's staff; in his next fight, eleven years later, he was to command a division.

CHAPTER IV

PEACE-TIME AND PERSIA

In the preceding chapter the battles of the Gwalior and the first Sikh campaigns have been described in some detail, although Havelock shared in them in a comparatively subordinate capacity, because they were the school in which he took lessons in actual war conducted on a scale of some magnitude. He was a very modest pupil, and permitted himself no self-illusion. "I entered on this campaign," he wrote after Sobraon, "fancying myself something of a soldier. I have now learnt that I know nothing. Well! I am even yet not too old to learn." The parting with an erroneous belief is of itself an invaluable lesson; but spite of his own self-depreciating disclaimer, the Sutlej campaign must have been worth more than that to such a man as Havelock. It could not but have afforded to one of his acute military perception examples worth following, and more instances of what to avoid; that he specially profited by the latter, his leadership in the Mutiny time is full of illustration. Meanwhile in his comments he was very loyal to his chiefs. His vindication of their conduct, if not unimpeachable, is specious enough. It had been put forward that on Littler's junction Gough should have remained

on the defensive at Moodkee, barring the threatened march of the Sikhs on Delhi until the arrival of reinforcements should give him a predominant advantage. "But," argued Havelock, "though such a plan offered great advantages, the nature of our original defence of the frontier rendered it hardly feasible, for it would have hazarded the safety of Ferozepore with its indifferent entrenchments guarded by only one regiment, and of its defenceless town garrisoned only by another." Replying to the charge of recklessness in assailing the Sikh position in Ferozeshah so late in the day and after an exhausting march, he declaims vigorously:

> Not attack on the afternoon of a long march! It was one of those cases in which it would have been better to have attacked at midnight, rather than not to have anticipated the junction of the two armies. No sacrifice was too great to defeat that operation. Every risk must be run and every fatigue endured to attain such an object in war. Nor must it be forgotten that though Sir Hugh Gough's army after a harassing march was not in the best condition for so serious an encounter, its condition would not have been improved by a bivouac through a night of bitter cold, without food, water, or shelter; during which time the Sikh army of Ferozepore might have joined that of Ferozeshah and thus diminished the chance of success.

There was in the nature of things little of action for Havelock during the decade of peace-service which followed the Sutlej campaign. Hitherto it is chiefly his character as a soldier, the delineation of which the narrative has permitted. A few pages of extracts from his correspondence and other writings during his years of peace may not now be out of place, as aiding to the comprehension of what manner of man he was in other

relations of his simple, earnest God-fearing life. During this period he wrote a great deal for publication in Anglo-Indian periodicals, and his letters to his friends are of the good, old-fashioned, descriptively copious kind which a quick postal service and the telegraph wire have abolished. The contrast is remarkable between the ease, picturesqueness, and vivacity of his correspondence and the laboured stiffness of his books.

After the war he accompanied the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief to the capital of the Punjab, and he gives life-like sketches of the Sikh leaders whom he had the opportunity of seeing in the course of the ceremonies at Lahore.

As Maharajah Gholab Singh is no more to be seen but as an independent sovereign, I may as well describe to you the ruler of Jummoo, now lord of the mountains from Mundee to Cashmere. His dress is remarkably plain, even slovenly, but the chequered volume of his life is to be read in his astute and glozing countenance. If a painter sought to embody all the smooth cunning of Asiatic intrigue in one face, he would throw away his sketches as soon as he saw that of Gholab Singh, cease to draw on his imagination, and limn the features of the Rao Sahib, as the Lahore people call him, with minute fidelity. He would feel that he never could surpass the mock humility, the insinuating smile, the pride subdued by cunning, of the physiognomy before him. Rajah Lal Singh is a man of low extraction. He is the Orloff—or rather I should say the Potemkin—of the Punjab. He is marked with the small-pox, and is rather what we should call in England an ugly dog; but tall and graceful, with a winning smile which shows constantly an indifferent set of teeth, and an insinuating manner. He has no reputation for talent; but his position in the affection of the Ranee will make him Vizier. Dewan Deena-nath will look after the State finances; he is a heaven-born *mahajun* (trader) and banker. His countenance resembles the rectangular columns

of a Hindoo account-book. Tej Singh is of small stature, and his lineaments, which are more scarred by small-pox than those of Lal Singh, are not pleasing, but he is the best soldier of all the Sirdars. Runjour Singh, for whose benefit Sir Harry Smith established an "*école de natation*" at the ghaut near Aliwal, is an ass, and looks like one. He is young, and of that order of mind which will not improve.

At Lahore Havelock met Sir Charles Napier, of whom he writes: "He was very courteous, and chatted about my brother Will, whom all Peninsular soldiers know, and dear old Sir Robert Sale, and the volunteers of the Thirteenth, who fought so gallantly in Beloochistan. It is impossible to conceive without seeing it, a frame so attenuated and shattered, and yet tenanted by a living soul, as this old soldier's. He speaks readily and fluently, and will if spared and again actively employed, shine more and more in, I think, the second rank of commanders."

From Lahore Havelock returned to Simla in the suite of the Commander-in-Chief. He naturally expected after good service on the headquarter staff in three battles, that his chief would have recommended him for one of the vacancies caused by the casualties of the war. But his name was not put forward. It has been hinted that Gough took umbrage at his declining to write the history of the war in China which Sir Hugh had conducted. The Governor-General exerted himself in Havelock's favour and obtained from the Horse Guards his nomination to the post of Deputy Adjutant-General of Queen's troops in the Bombay Presidency. He sailed from Calcutta with his old friend Sir George Clerk, who had been appointed Governor of Bombay; and on arrival

assumed the duties of his office which he continued efficiently to fulfil for three years. Yet once again he found himself under the command of his old chief Sir Willoughby Cotton, who soon after Havelock's arrival was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Bombay side. For the first time the state of his health began to disquiet him. He had drunk of a well at Ferozeshah which he believed to have been poisoned, and the water of which his horse refused. And he had "liver"— the disease of the old Anglo-Indian. He was advised to take furlough to England after his twenty-seven years of service in India.

So far as will and duty [he wrote] are concerned, to England I should go. But as for the means of going, difficulties accumulate around me day by day. I shall not be out of the hands of the Simla Jews before February next. The expenses of living and marching here, though conducted with the utmost economy, are necessarily heavy, and Harry and Joshua[1] have to be provided for and educated. Moreover I lost by fourteen hours' illness my lamented horse "Magician" for which I gave fourteen hundred rupees last year on the Sutlej, and how he is to be replaced I know not. So that, if there were not an overruling Providence to untie knots, it would be Macbeth's case: "There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here."

His health became worse in the spring of 1848, when he wrote, "I feel sure that I cannot remain another year in India without running the greatest risk of leaving poor Hannah[2] and my five boys without a sixpence in the world but my major's pension of £70 a year, and £1000 in the funds." He had indeed taken his passage home in April, but resigned it, determining "with God's help to try and spend another year in India, a year of the strictest

[1] His sons. [2] Mrs. Havelock.

self-denial and economy for my children's sake." The Punjab was disquieted and the second Sikh war was already threatening. Before April was out it had virtually begun with the Mooltan insurrection, and in November Gough was on the Chenab, and Havelock's elder brother, Colonel William Havelock of the Twelfth Dragoons, fell at the head of his wild charge across the Ramnuggur sands. Henry burned to participate in the campaign. The new year had come, Mooltan had surrendered, and Gough's army lay paralysed by the havoc of Chillianwallah, when Havelock allowed himself to hope that the chance to take a hand in the fighting had at last come to him. He had exchanged from the Thirteenth into the Thirty-ninth, and from the Thirty-ninth into the Fifty-third, in which latter regiment he was now the second major. In the beginning of February 1849 he read in the papers that the Fifty-third was about to be ordered into the field, and later he heard that it was already on the march. Sir Willoughby Cotton gave him permission to vacate for the time his staff appointment, and he started with all speed for the Punjab. On March 12th, when between Indore and Agra, there came to him from headquarters a peremptory order to return to his post, and a reprimand for having left it without orders from Lord Gough. His reading of the reason for the remand was that "he was not wanted as a Major, and would not be appointed as a Brigadier," to which latter position his army rank gave him a claim. The truth is that he was not wanted in any capacity, since on February 20th the decisive battle of Goojerat had been fought, and the war was over. So Havelock had his journey for nothing, with a scolding thrown in.

In April 1849 Mrs. Havelock was compelled to sail for England with her family. Her husband still remained in India in the practice of economy and abstemiousness; but in the autumn he was peremptorily ordered away lest worse things should befall him; and travelling overland he reached Plymouth, where his family were in residence, in the beginning of November. There he remained till early in 1850, his health gradually improving, notwithstanding that he found the Devonshire climate "relaxing and enervating even in winter." He paid a visit to Lord Hardinge, and another to the relatives of George Broadfoot in Regent's Park, was elected a member of the "Senior," and was presented at the March levee by the Duke of Wellington himself, of whom he gives an affecting sketch as he saw and heard him at the banquet given by the East India Company's Directors to Lord Gough on April.

In looking at the Duke of Wellington, and listening to his speech, nearly all that we have read of the ruined powers of Marlborough, after his first paralytic seizure, seemed to be realised. I never witnessed so affecting a spectacle of ruined greatness. He is so deaf that he seemed to me to utter prolonged inarticulate sounds without being aware of it. He begins, but rarely concludes a sentence, and when he breaks off in a period, the spectator doubts from his manner whether he will commence another, or fall down apoplectic in the next effort to begin one.

Of England—the England of 1850—the absentee for thirty years records varied impressions.

England appears to me to be more intensely aristocratic than ever. The great changes are, the rapidity of communication by locomotives, the extraordinary increase of the power of the press, the improved morality and decency of habits of the middle and lowest classes, and the accumulation of

unions for the promotion of industry, comfort, and decidedly of religion. Into the midst of this society, a conqueror old or young, a Lord Gough or a Major Edwardes, drops suddenly, becomes, as formerly, a nine days' wonder, but the mercurial surface of society will not long retain the impression. The wealthy and the great are entirely wrapt up in themselves and their own interests. Avarice is the great idol, greater even than fame just now.

His old Charterhouse friends Norris and Hare were prompt and hearty in their renewal of intercourse with him, and he rejoiced in being remembered after all the long years. Norris was now Sir William, living in retirement after a long judicial career in the Colonies. Hare, who wrote to him as "Phlos," was an Archdeacon, and rector of Hurstmonceaux. Havelock and his wife paid a visit to Norris at Barrow Green where Archdeacon Hare was a guest also, and the three old Carthusians no doubt had much pleasant converse about old Dr. Raine and his stern discipline, and of living and dead comrades—the latter greatly in the majority—of those days of their boyhood. Norris's goodwill went beyond words and hospitality to deeds; for he lodged the purchase for Havelock's substantive lieutenant-colonelcy. But the deposit was made too late. Havelock writes.

Byrne had already come under an engagement to retire, and Major Mansfield [1] had, as I am informed, unconditionally paid him all the money over and above the regulation price. When I became aware of this of course I was in a dilemma. It would have been hard upon poor Byrne, who is about half a degree more broken than myself, to stop the purchase at this stage, and if I had taken the lieutenant-colonelcy, it would have been at the expense of Major Mansfield, who had

[1] The late Lord Sandhurst.

without reservation paid heavily for it in hard cash, and would not have got it after all. So I suppose that I shall see a youth of some sixteen years standing in the army gazetted over my head as lieutenant-colonel. Major Mansfield is, I am told, a clever man and a good officer. I was purchased over, as I used to say, by three sots and two fools, so I presume I must persuade myself that it is a pleasant variety to be superseded by a man of sense and gentlemanly habits.

By reason of this consideration for others Havelock never was a substantive lieutenant-colonel, and he had to wait three years longer before a brevet gave him the rank of full colonel.

The Duke of Wellington had already given his eldest son[1] a commission in the line, and one of the East India Directors, whom he found very civil and appreciative, nominated his second son Joshua to a Bombay cadetship. The chairman took him down to an Addiscombe examination, which interested him very much, and at which he met Frederick Abbott, Herbert Edwardes, and many old acquaintances. England and visits to Schwalbach, Ems, and Kissingen, had done much to restore his health. Havelock was now fifty-six, but he owned that he had no longer active disease of any kind, and ate, drank, slept, and walked like a man of forty.

Much of the summer he spent quietly at Bonn with his family, gradually gaining strength. When there he made some interest unsuccessfully to be named one of the Queen's aides-de-camp, an appointment which would have given him his colonelcy without hindering him from serving in India. Leaving his family at Bonn he

[1] Now Lieut.-General Sir Henry M. Havelock-Allan, Bart., K.C.B., V.C.

journeyed deviously toward Trieste, visiting by the way the battlefields of Leipzig and Prague, and the galleries of Dresden and Vienna; and he was back in Bombay in December 1851, when he took up his old appointment on the staff. He held it until the spring of 1854, when Lord Hardinge gave him the appointment of Quarter-master-General of the Queen's troops in India, which brought him back to Bengal and to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. The appointment to-day is scarcely such a bed of roses as it was when Havelock filled it. "My duties," he wrote, "are literally *nil*. My work averages two returns and two letters *per mensem*"; for which arduous services he was paid nearly £3000 per annum. A few months later, by the promotion of Colonel Markham to the rank of Major-General, he succeeded to the higher and more responsible office of Adjutant-General, in which he had probably more pay, and certainly a good deal harder work. It was a five years' appointment, and better than a major-generalship without assurance of employment, so he was able to avert a threatened promotion to that rank, which would apparently have made the adjutant-generalship untenable. In the beginning of 1857 he was again on the war-path; and it may be permissible to quote a few sentences of a letter to Mrs. Havelock from her husband, written at the close of his last period of peace-service.

I am cut to the heart by the poor account you still give of your health, but I trust your projected trip to Switzerland will, by God's blessing, give you strength again, and that you will many years be enabled in His good providence to watch over our two dear girls' and George's education. God knows how my heart yearns to see you all again; but my duty is here, and I have several difficulties. If by God's aid

I can surmount them all, I shall at the end of my three years' labour and self-denial, feel entitled to look upon you again. God grant that it may be in health, tranquillity and competency; and if it be His pleasure, let you and I have one more happy meeting on earth; if not, a far happier in heaven!

Lord Canning, as Governor-General of India, declared war against Persia on November 1st, 1856. The immediate *casus belli* was the capture of the city of Herat by Persian troops. Sir James Outram, then on sick leave in England, was offered and accepted the command of the Anglo-Indian army of invasion with the local rank of Lieutenant-General; and he reached Bombay on December 22nd. The Bombay authorities had got the order for preparation considerably in advance of the declaration of war; and so prompt had they been that within four days of the receipt on November 9th of the instructions for the despatch of troops, the flagship with the headquarters and main body of the First Division of the expeditionary force sailed from Bombay for the Persian Gulf. Major-General Stalker was in command of the land forces consisting of five thousand six hundred and seventy men; there was a squadron of eight war-steamers of the Indian navy, and the troops, followers, and stores were transported in seven steamers and thirty sailing-vessels. General Stalker made no delay. By December 8th, under cover of the fire of the squadron, his whole force was landed at and near Bushire, and next morning the fort of that name was carried after some sharp fighting. Next day after a cannonade of four hours the guns of the fleet silenced the batteries of the town of Bushire; the garrison surrendered, and

Bushire and its armament were in Stalker's possession without the loss of a man.

On reaching Bombay Outram immediately applied for the services of Havelock to command the Second Division then in course of formation. General Anson gave permission, and full of eagerness Havelock quitted Agra for Bombay on January 12th, 1857. By dint of constant and rapid travelling in a springless mail-cart he arrived there on the 21st with a black eye and sorely bruised face, the result of a spill during his break-neck journey. Outram with the mass of the Second Division had left Bombay two days before Havelock's arrival, and reaching Bushire on January 21st immediately took the offensive. The dawn of February 8th disclosed to the British troops the Persian army in position near the village of Kooshab. It was a very short thing; our infantry never got within reach of an unwounded Persian soldier. The cavalry and horse artillery routed the enemy with great slaughter.

Havelock missed Kooshab. Owing to necessary repairs to the engines of his steamer he could not leave Bombay till January 29th, and did not land at Bushire until February 15th. Mohumra, a fortified town at the confluence of the Karan river with the Shat-ool-Arab or Lower Euphrates, seemed to present a favourable objective. It was reported a very strong place, with heavily armed ramparts of solid earth twenty feet thick and eighteen high, mounting heavy guns commanding the Shat-ool-Arab, and garrisoned by some thirteen thousand Persian troops. Outram's departure on this enterprise was delayed first by the death of General Stalker and again by the death of Commodore Ethersey. At last,

leaving General Jacob at Bushire, he joined the squadron and the trooper-steamers it convoyed on March 22nd at the rendezvous off the mouth of the Euphrates. The force embarked consisted of about four thousand nine hundred men including two cavalry regiments and two troops of horse artillery. On the evening of the 24th the expedition anchored three miles below Mohumra, its fortifications well in sight. Outram adopted in the main the plan of operations which Havelock had drawn up. A day was spent in reconnoitring and preparations. The transhipment of the troops into the lighter and unarmed craft was effected during the following night. At daylight of the 26th a mortar battery opened fire on the Persian works. At seven A.M. the war-vessels steamed into position under an unreturned fire. At the signal their guns opened, and for two hours hurled ceaseless shot and shell into the place, shattering the Persian batteries and crushing down their fire. Then the troop-laden steamers came up the river to the point of debarkation, Havelock leading in the *Berenice* with the Ross-shire Buffs aboard. While the debarkation was in progress a shell from one of the war-ships blew up the principal magazine of the enemy and intensified their confusion. The troops were promptly formed, and led by Havelock advanced through the date groves on the Persian entrenched camp, while the seamen from the squadron occupied the forts. The camp was found empty; its panic-stricken occupants had fled. There was pursuit by a detachment of native horse, but the bulk of the cavalry were not landed in time to be of service. Three days later an expedition went a hundred miles up the river to see seven thousand Persian troops run

away at the mere sight of it, and on April 5th news came that peace with Persia had been signed at Paris; so that the war, if it could be called a war, was over. It had lasted six months, and cost England and India about two millions sterling.

CHAPTER V

FROM BOMBAY TO CAWNPORE

THE peace with Persia was most opportune. Already before its conclusion the clouds that presaged the awful storm of Mutiny which Sir Charles Napier had foretold and averted eight years before, were ominously gathering over the Bengal Presidency. In the middle of March General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, had written to Havelock of the general disaffection among the sepoys, and of the open mutiny of the Nineteenth Native Infantry at Berhampore. Lord Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, a far-sighted and vigorous man, had early recognised the gravity of the impending crisis, and when in the beginning of April he informed Outram of the conclusion of peace with Persia, he made the pressing request to that chief that he should send back to India without a moment's delay all the European troops of his command. Acting on the discretion permitted him by the Governor-General Outram promptly fulfilled this urgent requisition; and the disintegration of the army of Persia set Havelock free to return to India. Taking with him the officially recorded thanks of Sir James Outram for "the zealous and valuable assistance he has afforded at all times," Havelock left Mohumra on the 16th, and reached Bom-

bay on May 29th; to hear there, in his own words, "the astounding intelligence that the native regiments had mutinied at Meerut, Ferozepore, and Delhi; and that Delhi was in the hands of the insurgents, while disaffection seemed to be spreading throughout the Upper Provinces." With the break-up of his division his acting rank of Brigadier had ceased; he was Colonel Havelock again, the Adjutant-General of Queen's troops in Bengal. As such, his proper place was with the Commander-in-Chief, then believed to be marching on Delhi. In reality poor General Anson was already dead of cholera at Kurnal, but the ill news had not reached Bombay; and Havelock was anxious to hurry to his post by the most direct land route. The risks of such a journey were so obvious that Lord Elphinstone peremptorily forbade it; and Havelock had to submit to follow the two Queen's regiments of the Persian army, which had already been hurried off by sea to Calcutta without landing at Bombay. He left Bombay on June 1st, in the *Erin* steamer bound for Galle, in the hope of catching there the Calcutta mail steamer from Suez—"prepared," he wrote, "to give Lord Canning and Birch strong advice, if they consult me. This is the most stupendous convulsion I have ever witnessed, though I was in the thick of Cabul affairs."

The *Erin* was wrecked on the Ceylon coast, and Havelock had a narrow escape from being drowned. It was night when she struck; the surf was very heavy, the Lascar crew were panic-stricken, and the ship was momentarily expected to go to pieces. But with dawn came canoes from the shore, and all on board were safely landed. Havelock's earnest representations kept the

Europeans from the spirit-room, and the debarkation was thus orderly and creditable. He tersely summed up the situation: "The folly of man threw us on shore; the mercy of God found us a soft place near Caltura." He reached Madras on June 13th to learn there of General Anson's death, and that Lord Canning had ordered up to Calcutta with all speed Sir Patrick Grant,[1] the Madras Commander-in-Chief, to assume the direction of the military operations which the situation in the Bengal Presidency rendered necessary. Grant and Havelock were old friends and comrades in war time as well as peace time; and Grant well knew how able a soldier was the man who had ridden by his side at Maharajpore and Moodkee. Havelock seems to have thought himself called upon to return to Bombay and there join Sir Henry Somerset who was at the head of the Bombay army, and whose seniority gave him a claim to succeed Anson in the supreme command. But Lord Canning in the exercise of his discretionary power had chosen Sir Patrick as acting Commander-in-Chief; and so duty chimed in with inclination to carry Havelock to Calcutta. The *Fire Queen* conveyed the two old comrades up the Bay of Bengal into the Hoogly; they reached Calcutta on June 17th, and Sir Patrick made haste to present Havelock to Lord Canning, with the curt business-like introduction: "Your Excellency, I have brought you the man!" Circumstances hindered Sir Patrick Grant from carving his name deeply on the tablets of the Mutiny annals; but in all the record of honest and

[1] Now Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

steadfast duty on which that venerable soldier can look back, the most memorable service he has been able to render to the Empire was his strenuous recommendation of Havelock for an independent field command.

Lord Canning did not hesitate to act on the advice tersely given him by Grant. The commission he entrusted to Havelock—the arduous task he assigned him—cannot be adequately comprehended without some brief explanation of the crisis which the staunch old soldier was bidden to confront. Events had marched with fell rapidity since Havelock had said farewell to Lord Elphinstone on the Apollo Bunder of Bombay. When Grant and he landed at Calcutta the tidings awaiting them were that throughout all the region between Allahabad and Agra the British authority was extinct, save where a sore-beset garrison were still maintaining a desperate defence at Cawnpore, and where at Lucknow Henry Lawrence was standing at bay against the swelling masses of Oude insurgents. So melancholy is the story of Cawnpore that one is fain to shun the telling of it; but a brief summary of it cannot be avoided. One of the most important military posts in India, the connecting link between Allahabad and the up-country stations of Agra and Delhi, the Mutiny time found it without an European regiment and garrisoned by over three thousand sepoy troops. The general in command, Sir Hugh Wheeler, was an old and distinguished soldier who had seen much Indian service as a "sepoy officer," and for whom it was hard to believe that mutiny was among things possible. Apart from the conviction of his mind, there must have been with Sir Hugh no little feeling of the heart in the matter, since he had allied himself in mar-

riage with one in whose veins flowed Eastern blood. He spoke Hindustanee like a native; he had dwelt among natives the greater part of his life; he had led sepoy troops to victory half a century and more before this eventful summer; and it was not wonderful that he should long refuse to believe in the possibility of treachery. But the assured spread of disaffection among the sepoys compelled him to resort to some precautions. He determined to erect within the cantonments a place of refuge in time of need, should that time come. The magazine formed a ready-made fortress with inexhaustible store of munitions. But Wheeler chose another position, which could not have been worse adapted for its purpose if his enemies themselves had chosen it. Almost in the centre of the plain which the military cantonment surrounded there stood a couple of single-storied barracks surrounded by verandahs, known as the dragoon hospital. Sir Hugh inexplicably selected as the centre of his operations those structures, built of thin brick hardly bullet-proof, and straw-thatched; and enclosed them within a mud entrenchment but four feet in height, and so thin that at the crest it was not bullet-proof. No proper batteries were constructed, and mere gaps in the parapet, exposing both guns and gunners, were left to serve as embrasures.

Orders were given for this miserable contrivance to be provisioned for twenty-five days. The service was neglected, and it was carried out after the manner of unsupervised native contractors, peas and flour forming the staple of the very insufficient supplies. What else was provided in the shape of beer, wine, and preserved meats was sent in chiefly by the regimental mess com-

mittees, who did not believe implicitly in official catering. In the danger the recognition of which was gradually growing on him, Wheeler appealed for reinforcement to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow; and not in vain. An appeal was also made to the Nana Sahib, the Maharajah of Bithoor, who was soon to earn a malign immortality as the arch-fiend of the Mutiny; and the Nana with hollow friendliness came in promptly with a detachment of his troops, and undertook the protection of the treasury and the magazine.

The women and children, with the non-combatants, had been sent into the improvised entrenchment so early as May 22nd, but the sepoy regiments did not break into open mutiny until the night of June 4th. The Nana Sahib took control of them, diverted them from their purpose of marching to Delhi, and persuaded them that the weak entrenchment on the Cawnpore maidan was better game. With curious punctilio he sent a letter to Sir Hugh Wheeler, in the early morning of June 6th, intimating his intention forthwith to attack the British position. It was a rude surprise to our hapless people. They had been sanguine of the belief that the sepoys were hastening toward Delhi, and they had begun to anticipate an easy water-passage down to Allahabad and safety. Alas, quite other things were to befall them, worse things than the greatest pessimist among them was despondent enough to apprehend.

The urgent summons sped through the cantonment for all our countrymen yet tarrying outside to rally without delay into the entrenched position. There was no time for a hasty breakfast, or to gather a change of clothes. The feeble posts were manned and the local

commands assigned. Behind the mud wall a sorry company of a thousand souls or thereabouts was congregated. Of these four hundred and sixty-five were men of all ages and professions. The women numbered about two hundred, and there were as many children. While the officers and men stood to their positions all round the low wall of the entrenchment, the women and children abided the bursting of the storm within the frail shelter of the hospital or under the verandahs. When all the arrangements had been made, the chaplain collected what congregation chose to gather round him, and kneeling down in the midst solemnly committed the little band of Christian people into the hand of the God of their fathers. The sullen roar of a surging mass of men broke in on his concluding sentences. All rushed forth, and lo! the horizon was lurid with the smoke and fire of the advancing devastation. The sepoy march was delayed a while for the sake of plunder, murder, and fire-raising; but two hours after the chaplain had uttered his amen, the balls were crashing through the fragile walls of the barracks, wounded men were groaning in their agony, and the terrified screams of women and children were rending the air. By the afternoon the devilry was in full swing.

As the visitor to Cawnpore of to-day drives from the railway station to the European cantonments, there comes into view at a bend in the road a broad, flat, treeless expanse. This plain lies in an environment of foliage, above the greenery of which, on the south-eastern side, are seen the upper balconies and flat tops of a long range of barracks built in detached blocks. Near the centre of

this level space there now stands the Memorial Church, encircled by its graveyard. This structure is built on the site of the old dragoon hospital, which was the very heart of the agony of the siege. The outline of the world-famous earthwork is almost wholly obliterated; only in places can it be dimly discerned by brick-dis-coloured lines, and here and there a low-raised trace on the smooth maidan. Mingled emotions of amazement, pride, pity, wrath, and sorrow must move the pilgrim to this shrine of British valour, endurance, and constancy. The heart swells and the eyes fill as, standing with all the scene of the heroism lying under one's eyes, he recalls the incidents of the glorious, piteous story. The blood stirs when one remembers the buoyant valour of the gallant Moore, who, "wherever he passed left men something more courageous and women less unhappy"; the reckless audacity of Ashe, the cool daring of Dela-fosse, the deadly rifle of Stirling, the quiet devotion of Jervis. And a great lump grows in the throat as one bethinks him of the pathetic constancy and the awful sufferings of the women; of British ladies going bare-foot and giving up their stockings as cases for grapeshot; of the hapless gentlewomen, "unshod, unkempt, ragged and squalid, haggard and emaciated, parched with drought and faint with hunger, sitting waiting to hear that they were widows"; of some among those tender, well-born women who brought forth babes in plight far worse than that of the gipsy tramp at home whose hour of travail comes to her as she lies under a hedge, since for them the pains of maternity were aggravated by privation and imminent danger, the hope and joy which the humblest mother feels in that hour quenched for

them in despair. It is not within the consecrated ground of the Memorial Church graveyard, where sleep their long sleep the dead of the siege. When it began there was an empty well outside the entrenchment under the shadow of No. 4 barrack; three weeks later, when the siege ended, this well was the sepulchre of two hundred and fifty British people. With daylight the battle raged around the well mouth; when night came and the welcome darkness, the slain of the day were borne thither with stealthy step and scant attendance. Now the well is filled up, and over it has been built a monument with the legend graven on its face: "In a well under this enclosure were laid by the hands of their fellows in suffering the bodies of men, women, and children, who died hard by during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchment when beleaguered by the rebel Nana." And underneath: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto Thee, O God the Lord." Among the crosses round the monument's base is one to the memory of stout-hearted yet tender-hearted John MacKillop of the Civil Service, the hero of another well. From it came the garrison's sole water supply, and it was a target also for the rebel artillery, so that the appearance of a man with a pitcher by day, and by night the creaking of the tackle, were the signals for a shower of grape. But John MacKillop, "not being a fighting man, made himself useful," in his own modest words, as captain of the well, till a grape-shot sent him to that other well, thence never to return.

Days grew into weeks, and the iron hail beating on the wasted garrison never relented. Of the gallant

sorties made, of the fierce assaults repulsed, there is no room to tell. But for their wives, their sisters, and their little ones, the men-folk might at any time have cut their way out through the sepoy rabble; had this been impossible they would have resisted to the last extremity. But the misery of the women and the children moved the master-spirits of the defence to listen to overtures from the rebel chief. And a soldier-author of note, whom his countrymen delight to honour, has permitted himself to asperse the defenders of Wheeler's entrenchment as a "faint-hearted garrison!"

The distance from the entrenchment to the *ghaut* on the Ganges where lay the boats which our countrymen expected were to convey them down stream to safety, is barely a mile. Think of that forlorn *doch-an-doris*, the cup of cold water in which the hapless band pledged each other, ere they quitted the place where sufferings so cruel had been so nobly endured! Moore led the way with an advance guard of a handful of his regulars. The elephants, carts, and *dhoolies* followed, with the women and children, the sick and wounded—the hurts of the last bandaged with strips of women's clothing and fragments of shirt sleeves. And then came the fighting men. A martinet would have stood aghast at them, for, save for a regimental button here and there, he would have found it hard to recognise the gaunt, hairy, sun-scorched squad for British soldiers. But let who might incline to disown those war-worn men in their dingy rags, their foes knew them for what they were; and made way for the white *sahibs* marching firmly, each man with rifle on shoulder and the fearless glance in the hollow eye. A path leaves the road close to the bridge spanning a

rough irregular glen, and skirting the dry bed of the *nullah*, touches the river close to the old temple. It was by this path that our people passed down to the deadly snare that had been laid for them at the "Slaughter Ghaut." There can be none to whom the details of the massacre are not familiar. Strange contrast between the turmoil and devilry of it, and the quiet of the all but solitude of the spot to-day! Sole relics of the great crime are the dints of the bullets on the mouldering riverside temple, under the shadow of which a *dhobie* is washing the linen of a *sahib* in the stream that once was dyed with the blood of the *sahibs*. There is no monument here—no superfluous memorial of the awful tragedy. The man is not to be envied whose eyes are dry, and whose heart beats its normal throb, while he stands here alone by the Ganges' brink at the Suttee Chowra Ghaut.

. . . . . .

It had been better for them in the end had all our hapless people perished there together, and so been put out of their misery. But as the slaughter progressed, the Nana, moved whether by pity or by craft, sent orders that none of the men-folk should be left alive, but that no more women and children should be slain. So what of those remained were gathered together on the bank, some sorely wounded, some half drowned, dripping with the water of the Ganges and begrimed with its mud, and were despatched under escort to the Nana's headquarters. As they plodded past the entrenchment with its awful memories, and on across the plain, "I saw," testified an onlooker, "that many of the ladies were wounded. Their clothes had blood upon them. Two

were badly hurt and had their heads bound up with handkerchiefs. Some were wet, covered with mud and blood, and some had their dresses torn; but all had clothes. I saw one or two children without clothes. There were no men in the party, but only some boys of twelve or thirteen. Some of the ladies were barefoot." One may see the two rooms to-day in which the hundred and twenty women and children were huddled after that march from before the presence of one death into the presence of another. Their numbers were swollen later by the women and children who had been in the only craft that had got away from the ghaut, the boat which had been defended so stoutly by Vibart, Delafosse, Moore, and Thomson, and which had been at last captured some way down stream. It had been for its passengers a turbulent departure from the Suttee Chowra Ghaut; it was a yet more fearful returning. "They were brought back," testified a witness; "sixty *sahibs*, twenty-five *mem sahibs*, and four children. The Nana ordered the *sahibs* to be separated from the *mem sahibs*, and shot by the First Bengal Native Cavalry. . . . 'Then,' said one of the *mem sahibs*, 'I will not leave my husband. If he must die, I will die with him!' So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this, the other *mem sahibs* said, 'We also will die with our husbands'; and they all sat down each by her husband. Then the husbands said, 'Go back,' but they would not. Whereupon the Nana ordered the soldiers, and they went in, pulling them forcibly away." . . .

Later, they were moved from the two rooms in the Savada House to the "Beebeeghur," a hovel near the

river, and there they were to linger in squalor, wretchedness, and indignity for yet a few days longer.

In the preliminary portion of the task which he was to undertake, Havelock had the advantage of a vigorous and capable pioneer, in the brave and ill-fated Neill. That officer had reached Calcutta from Madras on May 23rd, bringing with him the fine regiment of which he was the chief, the First Madras Fusiliers, familiarly known as "The Lambs." Neill was an Ayrshire man, with a leaven in him of the old Cameronian sternness and ruthlessness; endowed with great energy and much force of character, but of somewhat unequal temperament. In the prime of mature manhood, he had been a soldier for thirty years of the forty-seven he had lived; nor was his service wholly Indian, for he had been in the Crimea as an officer of the Turkish Contingent. So prompt was he that before he had been in Calcutta twenty-four hours he had started a detachment of his Lambs up country by water. A second followed by railway next evening, and relays went off by each succeeding train. By June 3rd he was in Benares with a company of his regiment, where with grape and Enfield bullets he swept a mutinous sepoy regiment off the parade-ground and out of their lines, cowed the turbulent and fanatic city, appointed big Jim Ellicot of The Lambs to the post of hangman-in-ordinary, and kept him at his duty without stint and without remorse. Apprehensive of danger at Allahabad, he had despatched thither on the 5th a subaltern and fifty of the Fusiliers. With its strong fortress and great arsenal, Allahabad was invaluable as the base for all future operations to

the west, the north, and the south. Akbar's great citadel, commanding the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges, was of more value to us intrinsically than was Delhi itself; and we had lost it but for the heroic constancy of an ex-sergeant who had earned his commission, and was in command of a Sikh regiment of irregulars garrisoning the fortress. On the night of June 6th, the sepoy regiment in the Allahabad cantonments broke into mutiny, butchered fourteen of their officers, fired the cantonments, and threw open the jails. A company of the regiment was on guard at the main gate of the fortress ready to give admittance to their mutinous comrades, when the colonel, having escaped with bare life from the slaughter in the cantonments, galloped into the fort, and bade Brasyer turn out his Sikhs and disarm the sepoys on the gate. The Sikhs were in a ferment of disaffection, but Brasyer quelled them. Standing over the magazine with a red-hot iron in his hand, he swore by Nanac, Ram Das, Govind, and all the other Gooroos of the Sikhs, that if his men did not promptly fall in and obey his orders he would blow the regiment to the Sikh equivalent of Hades. This trenchant argument prevailed; the Sikhs calmed themselves into submission to the behests of a chief so masterful; the sepoys on the gate were disarmed; the handful of invalid gunners from Chunar manned the cannon on the ramparts, and the fort of Allahabad was saved, at all events for the moment.

Arnold arrived on the following day, too late to do more than help to strengthen the position. Neill could not leave Benares until the 9th, when, having taught that city and its vicinity a grim lesson, he started for

Allahabad with forty of his Lambs. Conveyance was unobtainable, and two days and two nights of cruel heat and fatigue were spent on the journey. Five soldiers died of sunstroke on the way, and two more in the boat crossing the Ganges. Neill was so exhausted that his men had to rally him by splashing water over him in the mile-long tramp over the burning sand up to the watergate of the fort. The joyous salute to him from the guard as he entered was, "Thank God, sir, you'll save us yet!"

The mutineers were beleaguering the fortress. Neill promptly broke up their investment. For five days the rabble and rascaldom of Allahabad had been plundering and wrecking city and cantonments; chaos reigned for miles around the fort. Neill, strengthened by reinforcements, swept the mutineers and mudmashery out of city, suburbs, and villages; and on the fourth day after his arrival the magistrate, emblem of the restored civil power, reopened *cutcherry* amidst empty houses and silent streets. The soldiers kept getting drunk on plundered spirits sold them by Brasyer's Sikhs. Neill flogged a man, and issued an order that he would flog every man of the force if the wholesale drunkenness continued. But there were then, and are still, soldiers whom the certainty of death, not to speak of the threat of a flogging, will not deter from drink. So Neill overbade his men with the Sikhs, and bought up all the liquor in their possession. Then, lest they should purvey more, he sent them into quarters outside the fort. Finally, he collected or destroyed all the drink that was to be found in the deserted warehouses; and so in great measure he cured drunkenness in Allahabad fort.

By the time he had made elbow-room for himself about Allahabad, tidings had reached him of the hapless situation of the Cawnpore garrison and of the danger threatening Lucknow; and he vigorously engaged in preparations for a further advance. A sanguine and eager man, he had written to Sir Henry Lawrence on the 18th, and again on the 23rd of June, intimating his intention to despatch immediately a force of four hundred Europeans and three hundred Sikhs for the relief of Cawnpore. Had that force left Allahabad on the 23rd, it must have reached Cawnpore too late, even with forced marches and the very improbable absence of interruption; for Cawnpore is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Allahabad, and the destruction of Wheeler's garrison was perpetrated on the 27th.

But insuperable hindrances interposed; and by reason of them the earliest detachment was not to start until the 30th. The railway line from Allahabad to Cawnpore had been partly constructed; forty miles of it indeed, as far as Lohanga, had been completed. But the Allahabad mutineers had torn up permanent way, burnt rolling-stock and station, and smashed the engines with cannon fire. They had swept off the sixteen hundred draught bullocks which the transport officers had laboriously collected, destroyed stores, carts, and tents, and scared away the contractors and their people. Neill had to begin afresh the work of preparation and reorganisation. He laboured zealously, and he worked wonders to furnish equipment for the expeditionary force which he knew by this time that another chief than he was to command, in spite of a furious although fortunately brief outburst of cholera among his troops, and in dire lack

of the all-indispensable native followers, who stood aloof terror-stricken from the chastising Englishmen. Because of his knowledge of the supersession his loyal ardour in the cause abated not; but there is the undertone of disappointment in his message to Lord Canning, "We are getting on well here, laying in grain and collecting carriage for Brigadier-General Havelock's brigade."

Lord Canning has been reproached for slowness of decision. He certainly did not ponder long over the question of availing himself of Havelock's services. It was on June 17th that Sir Patrick Grant, presenting his old comrade, had said, "Your Excellency, I have brought you the man!" Next day but one Colonel Havelock was re-commissioned Brigadier-General,[1] and received his instructions—such instructions as it was then possible to give him. They directed that "after quelling all disturbances at Allahabad, he should lose not a moment in supporting Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow and Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore; and that he should take prompt measures for dispersing and utterly destroying all mutineers and insurgents." The momentous value of swift action was earnestly dwelt on. "It was not possible at the instant to give him any more precise or definite instructions; he must necessarily be guided by circumstances, and the Commander-in-Chief had entire confidence in his well-

[1] Colonel Malleson repeatedly styles Havelock Major-General at a time when he was not even Brigadier-General, but simply Colonel. He was not gazetted Major-General till September 29th (two months before his death), the commission being ante-dated July 30th. Havelock first signed "Major-General" on November 16th 1857, not quite a fortnight before his death.

known and often proved high ability; vigour, and judgment." Havelock promptly illustrated his obedience to the injunction of rapid action. A few days sufficed him to select his staff-officers and make all his arrangements; he left Calcutta on June 25th. Before starting he impressed on the military authorities at the capital the wisdom of utilising water-carriage for the subsequent conveyance of troops up country, thus releasing for the service of his column the cart and bullock transport of the Grand Trunk Road; "feeling confident that unless every measure were adopted in anticipation to render the column thoroughly and instantly efficient in its transport, delay would occur at a moment when every hour was precious and pregnant with the fate of our countrymen." He assured himself also of an efficient spy-service by obtaining permission to make free use of secret-service-money in payment of good information; with which accordingly he was always well supplied.

He and his staff-officers travelled by rail as far as Raneegunge; thence by road-dawk, with a few infantrymen on the top of the *gharries*. The little *cortège* was toiling up the Grand Trunk Road between Raneegunge and Benares on the 27th, the travellers unwitting that on that morning was being perpetrated the massacre of the Cawnpore garrison. At Benares, where there were troops belonging to him, Havelock assumed command of his brigade; hurried forward Maude and his handful of gunners; assigned the detachment that was to stand fast in protection of Benares; and leaving that city on the evening of the 29th, reached Allahabad in the early morning of the 30th, and sat

down to breakfast with Neill, whose "high qualities," he wrote later to Sir Patrick Grant, "I cannot sufficiently praise."

Neill had at length succeeded in equipping for the march an advance column consisting of four hundred European soldiers (Madras Fusiliers and Eighty-fourth), three hundred of Brasyer's Sikhs, some troopers of Native Irregular Cavalry, and a couple of 9-pounder guns manned by invalid artillerymen from Chunar. He had entrusted the command of it to Major Renaud of his own regiment, a capable and zealous soldier, with orders to advance on Cawnpore, inflicting as he marched stern retribution on all suspected of guilty complicity in mutinous designs. The departure of this force was set for the afternoon of the 30th. Havelock arrived in time to wish Renaud godspeed as, full of ardour, he led forth this vanguard of the relieving army. He himself had hoped to follow Renaud with a stronger force so early as July 4th, but he was delayed for three days longer by impediments in the way of its organisation and equipment. The period of enforced delay was well utilised. Finding himself destitute of any cavalry on which he could rely—the Native Irregulars were very doubtful—Havelock had asked permission to form a corps of volunteer cavalry, consisting of "officers of regiments which had mutinied, or had disbanded; of indigo-planters, of patrols, of burnt-out shopkeepers; in short, of all who were willing to join him." The request was acceded to, and he succeeded in raising a gallant little band who did most brilliant service under the command of Captain Lousada Barrow of the Madras Cavalry, the father of one of the finest officers

the British cavalry has ever known, whose recent untimely death must be fresh in universal memory. Many of the soldiers had been hurried up country in clothing wholly unfitted for the fierce heat of an Indian summer, and their general made great exertions to provide them with attire more suited to a march with the thermometer above 100°; but nevertheless many men left Allahabad in their woollen tunics, and the Seventy-eighth Highlanders fought every battle of the campaign in their woollen doublets.

All ranks glowed with the ardent hope of being able to succour Wheeler's beleaguered people; but that hope was doomed to sudden extinction. In the small hours of July 1st an officer rode in from Renaud's column, with the miserable tidings of the utter destruction of the Cawnpore garrison. In the afternoon a couple of spies who had witnessed the massacre brought to Havelock confirmation of the dismal intelligence, of the truth of which he convinced himself by a searching cross-examination. Acting on his conviction, and awake to the danger to which Renaud might be exposed in pursuing the instructions he had carried from Allahabad, the General sent him the wise order to stand fast at Lohanga, where he then was—forty miles out from headquarters. Colonel Neill on the other hand regarding the reports from Cawnpore as a device of the enemy, was eager that Renaud should push forward, and took it upon himself to telegraph to the Commander-in-Chief a remonstrance against the orders of his superior officer, and the causeless delay he considered they involved. Sir Patrick Grant replied that if the disastrous news from Cawnpore was credited Renaud's force was to be halted until supported

by Havelock's; but Renaud was nevertheless instructed to move forward, and he accordingly advanced cautiously to the vicinity of Kagan, about twenty miles short of Futtehpore.

The brigade orders for July 7th announced that the main column would march on the afternoon of that day. The baggage, cut down to the lowest limits, was placed in position; and as fast as the transport came in, which it continued to do until half-past three, all hands were on fatigue duty distributing it on the various conveyances. At length all preparations were complete; and at four o'clock Dick Pearson of the Ross-shire Buffs, the General's field-bugler, sounded the "General Parade." The regimental buglers took up the sound, and the component parts of the little army fell in. Numerically, it was the reverse of a mighty host that stood in line on this Indian parade-ground in the sudden splash of hot rain that hissed again as it fell. All told, there were barely a thousand British soldiers on parade; of natives the muster consisted of one hundred and fifty true men of Brasyer's Sikhs, and some thirty of Palliser's Irregular horsemen, by no means true men. The full strength of "Havelock's Ironsides," as the brigade came to be called, never amounted on any parade or in any battle to fifteen hundred men all told. I annex[1] the "field-state" on

[1] Field-state, morning 12th July 1857 (Futtehpore); Europeans, 1404, Natives, 561.

R.A. 76	Madras Fus. 376	3d Oude 46	
64th 435	Sikhs 448	Det. Bengal	22
78th 284	Vol. Cav. 20	Art. Invalids	
84th 191	Nat. Irreg'rs 49	Golundaze 18	
		Total 1965	

the morning of the action of Futtehpore, its first fight, fought on July 12th, after Renaud's force had joined the main column. Excluding headquarter staff there were present for duty nineteen hundred and sixty-five men, of whom fourteen hundred and four were Britons, five hundred and sixty-one natives.

But the fighting value of this little array was not to be reckoned by counting the files. Better soldiers have never trod this earth. They fought right on, against enormous odds, through the fierce cruel heat of the Indian summer, falling by the bullet or in the *mêlée*, struck down by sunstroke, slain by cholera and fevers, worn by hardship, till when Havelock and Outram crossed the Ganges in September on their conquering advance upon Lucknow, not above two hundred and fifty of the "Ironsides" remained in fit condition to participate in the victorious expedition. Such havoc had been wrought among them in the short space of twelve weeks! And still the gallant remnant were to earn fresh laurels, and die as freely as ever on the bloody path to the Bailey Guard Gate of the Lucknow Residency.

The right of the line, in virtue of time-honoured prescription, was held by the Royal Artillery. This arm of the service was represented by the battery of Field Artillery which the gallant Maude commanded. He had hurried from Ceylon with but thirty regular artillerymen, had made up his strength of gunners by recruiting from the Sixty-fourth fifty-four infantrymen who knew something of artillery duty, and had drawn his guns, ammunition, and material from the arsenal of Allahabad. That the battery could do splendid service was soon to be proved, but as it showed on parade, the

critic accustomed to the proverbial smartness of our artillery would have been apt to jeer at it. The gun-teams consisted of wretched undersized bullocks, unused to the work and wholly unsuited for it; the orders to the native drivers had to be communicated through an interpreter. On the left of the artillery was ranked what of cavalry the brigade possessed; the twenty badly mounted volunteers—officers of native regiments that had been disbanded, planters, and civil servants—whom Captain Barrow commanded. What of uniformity this handful of horsemen possessed consisted mainly in their uniformity of zeal and valour. Then came the infantry of the brigade. In front of the Sixty-fourth sat its acting chief, Major Stirling, on his gray Arab, justifiably proud of the fine regiment he commanded. The Sixty-fourth and their general were not strange to each other; the regiment had been with Havelock in the recent Persian campaign, and he had seen reason to think well of it. On the left of the Sixty-fourth stood four companies of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, the Ross-shire Buffs; under the command of their grand old fighting colonel Walter Hamilton, whom his men knew and loved as "Wattie." The adjutant of the regiment was that Herbert Macpherson whom his countrymen later were to admire (and, alas! to mourn) as a skilful and successful commander in Afghanistan and Egypt. The Ross-shire Buffs in the Mutiny time was a remarkable regiment; it was Scottish to the back-bone, Highland to the core of its heart. Its ranks were filled with Mackenzies, Macdonalds, Tullochs, Macnabs, Rosses, Gunns, and Mackays. The Christian name of half the Grenadier Company was Donald. In

some of the companies Gaelic was the tongue most in common use. The regiment as a whole had the characteristics of the race which chiefly manned its ranks. It could glow with the Highland fervour; it could be sullen with the Highland dourness; it was disciplined yet opinionative; it was proud with that grand regimental self-respect which people who prefer to use a foreign language call *esprit de corps*.

On the left of the Seventy-eighth was a small detachment of the Eighty-fourth; a regiment which could boast of service under Wellington in the Peninsula and the south of France. No regiment participated more than the Eighty-fourth in both the glory and the tragedy of the Mutiny. Brought from Rangoon when disturbance first began, it was sent up country in May by instalments, and parcelled out where the need seemed most urgent. Fifty of its men were of Wheeler's garrison in the Cawnpore entrenchment, and shared the fate which befell it. Fifty more were of the besieged in the Residency of Lucknow. Two companies were of "Havelock's Ironsides" throughout those twelve weeks' hard fighting; and the regiment formed part of the force which under Havelock and Outram effected the "first relief" of Lucknow.

Like the Eighty-fourth, the Madras Fusiliers had thus early the blood of comrades to avenge, for a sergeant's party of the "Blue Caps" had perished in the Cawnpore entrenchment and in the subsequent massacre that had reddened the Ganges. It was but a weak detachment that represented the regiment at Havelock's first brigade parade, for the mass of the corps was forward with Renaud (with whom also were some of the Eighty-

fourth), and with Spurgeon on the steamer that had quitted Allahabad on the 3rd on its up-stream voyage of flank-covering duty. In volume and variety of service the Madras Fusilier regiment took the right of the line in John Company's little European army. Its colours were blazoned with a long list of victories, from Arcot to Ava, from Plassey to Pegu. John Company and his army exist no more, and the grand old corps which served with Havelock is transmogrified by the wise men into "The Royal Dublin Fusiliers."

The Company's European troops had a marked individuality. Warley, their recruiting depôt at home, was open to all—to the gentleman who had gone to the dogs as to the deserter from a regiment of the royal army; no questions were asked so long as the recruit was a proper man and passed the doctor. Once out in India, they for the most part abandoned all idea of ever seeing home again, and took for their motto: "Let us eat and drink —especially drink, for to-morrow we die." And die they did pretty freely, for arrack and bazaar rum do not contribute to longevity in the climate of India. But Warley fed the stream, and sanatory notions had not great vogue out in the East; so the "God-forgotten," as they were wont to call themselves, rattled merrily on, playing with death as if life were a skittle ground. Splendid fighting men they were, good campaigners, amenable to the kind of discipline under which they lived, soldiers trustworthy in every respect if kept away from drink—so long as they remained in the East, and not worth their salt when they left it. When the Company's rule came to an end, and its European troops came home by shiploads and re-enlisted by sections in

the Queen's service, they turned out among that gracious Lady's worst bargains.

The extreme left of the line was held by one hundred and fifty of Brasyer's Sikhs of the Ferozepore regiment; their chief, with three hundred of his men, was forward with Renaud's column. Brasyer's men were of fine physique and excellent fighting quality, and they hated the sepoys with a hatred as intense to the full as that which animated the bosoms of the Europeans.

The parade duly set, there rode on to the ground, with his scanty staff behind him, the chief who was to lead the little force to deathless renown. For Havelock the long dreary night of stagnation and suppression was done; the dearest wish of his longing heart was gratified—the dream of his early life, the ambition of his maturity—an independent command of soldiers in the field. Hoping against hope through the years, his hair had whitened, his fine regular features had sharpened and the small spare figure had lost the suppleness, though not the erectness, of its prime; but his eye had not waxed dim, neither, at sixty-two, and after forty-two years of soldiering, thirty-four of which were Indian service, was his natural force abated. He was the man of greatest military culture then in India. Nor was he a mere theorist—the "soldier over only a paper country," whom Lord Wolseley objurgates. On the contrary, he was a veteran of war, very few of whose contemporaries had seen so much fighting. In Burmah he had been in the field from Rangoon to Pagaan. He had taken part in hill warfare in the passes of the Khoord Cabul and Jugdulluck. He had graduated in sortie-leading and defence-work as a prominent member of the "illustrious garrison"

of Jellalabad. At Maharajpore he had helped to beat a Mahratta army; at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, he had fought against the old battalions of the Khalsa in their full flush of warlike pride. The dust of his Persian campaign was still in the crevices of his sword hilt.

The old "saint" had held fast by his earnest piety through evil as through good report. In the independence of man that his new position had given him, he rested all the more humbly on the arm of the God of battles. "May God give me wisdom" he had written to his wife the day after his appointment "to fulfil the expectations of Government and to restore tranquillity in the disturbed districts." Never did he congratulate his soldiers on a victory they had won without ascribing the success of their arms to the favour of Him who holds the issue of battle in the hollow of His hand. But in the ordinary intercourse of military life he did not obtrude religion. Lieutenant (now Colonel) Morland, his Provost-Marshal, remembers but two occasions on which his chief made a religious allusion in his hearing. Morland intimated to him that he was about to read the burial service of the Church of England over the remains of poor Beatson, the Adjutant-General of the force. "Do," replied the old Baptist, "I shall be there and listen to what is a very beautiful service." Again Morland as Provost-Marshal informed the General that he was about to hang a native artilleryman for marauding. Havelock was ever reluctant to sanction capital punishment. Morland told him the man was taken red-handed in his uniform and deserved his fate. "Then," said the chief with a sigh, "that shall be my justification before my God."

Some men thought him pompous in manner, and given to stand on his dignity. Certainly in official intercourse he was formal and austere; and he could not tolerate an officer who tried to argue with him. The blunt testimony of one in his command is that "he was always as sour as if he had swallowed a pint of vinegar, except when he was being shot at, and then he was as blithe as a schoolboy out for a holiday." "Sour" is a misapplied expression; but questionless he was at times irascible. He must be an angel whose temper is not impaired by three-and-twenty years' service as a subaltern, and there were occasions when the old chief threatened arrest rather abruptly. In social intercourse he unbent, and if still somewhat distant, was kind and amiable. He hated red-tape, and the propensity, which he ascribed more especially to the Company's officers, of voluminous report-writing. "They," he said, "are all good officers as long as they are burning cartridge-paper in the field, but no sooner are they done with that than they are wasting quires of foolscap in their tents." The universal testimony is that "officers and men had the fullest confidence in him as a leader, willingly performed every duty that he ordered, and would have followed him anywhere."

Havelock was a profound admirer of Napoleon, and followed in practice that great soldier's method of making high-flown speeches to his men, and publishing addresses whose phrases savoured of bombast. I venture to believe that the British soldier of the best type not only is not thrilled by such appeals, but that they kindle in him some resentment and even contempt. And I further believe that Havelock had a suspicion of this occasional

result of his eloquence, and that among the best evidences of his qualifications for leadership was the ready magnetic tact with which, while indulging his propensity, he could by a happy word get at the hearts of men who were adamant to oratorical bunkum.

The staff that rode with him on to the parade-ground consisted of officers of well-approved merit. A north-country man himself, Havelock had gone yet farther north for his staff officers; save his son Henry, a subaltern of the Tenth Foot, who was his aide-de-camp, they were all Scotsmen. Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser Tytler was his quartermaster-general; Captain Stuart Beatson was his adjutant-general; Captain M'Bean was his commissary.

The bright sparkle of tardily-gratified desire was in his eye, as the noble old Christian soldier rode forward when the "present arms" was over. "Soldiers!" said he, his voice ringing loud and clear along the line, and into the throng of scowling natives gazing on the scene from the distance —"Soldiers, there is work before us. We are bound on an expedition whose object is to restore the supremacy of British rule and avenge the fate of British men and women. Some of you I know—others are yet strangers to me; but we have a common aspiration which knits us together as one man. Seventy-eighth and Sixty-fourth, I have commanded you in Persia, and I know the stuff you are made of; I know you will give me no cause to waver in the implicit confidence I have in you"; and so on, a trifle frothily. The Sixty-fourth cheered him lustily; Colonel Hamilton of the Seventy-eighth contributed his "hurrah," and turned in his saddle as if to stimulate his men to join in

the cheer. But they remained grimly unresponsive, and a mutter ran along the ranks. They did not need and they did not relish adjurations to brave deeds; they had other and worthier incitements. The clansmen knew of white-haired old men and bent old women, and of Highland lasses too, far away in the clachans and among the glens and about the lochsides of the north country; and in their mind's eye they saw the tattered copy of the *Inverness Courier* circulating from shealing to shealing, and the proud glances flashing through the tears when news of the Ross-shire Buffs was read aloud. They had been reared among traditions of Maida and Fontenoy; broken old veterans had told them in Gaelic how the kilted men routed the French with their fierce rush on the Egyptian sand, and clung to the stirrup-leathers of the charging Greys at Waterloo. The silence of the Highlanders now was not because they were unemotional; but because their emotion lay too deep to be stirred by platitudes. Havelock understood the mood, and knew how to humour it. As riding along the line he passed the Colonel of the Highlanders, he said to that officer, "Your men like better to cheer when the bugle sounds 'Charge,' than when it sounds 'General Parade.' We'll try their throats by and by." The few cordial words went straight to the hearts of the Highlanders. The centre company heard them and broke into a fervent cheer, the flank companies took their comrades' word and followed suit. Havelock's face became radiant; but his fine tact deterred him from the mistake of acknowledging the enthusiasm he had evoked.

The column had scarcely cleared the environs of Allahabad when the clouds opened and the rain came

down in torrents. Sodden with the wet, the men tramped on through the deepening mud of the Grand Trunk Road; although they carried no knapsacks they soon began to fag, for they were out of practice in marching, and it was the season of the Indian year which is most enervating to people of our northern race. It was the season of the fierce Indian summer, when from morning until sundown the heavy mats of constantly moistened cuscus grass swathe and darken the verandahs of the gentlefolk, and when the soldier, after the brief parade in the gray dawn, is not allowed to quit his barrack until dusk. The white man who braves the Indian summer sun does so at the risk of his life; and this should be ever present in the minds of those who read how in the Mutiny time our soldiers marched and fought, how our tenderly nurtured countrywomen suffered every deprivation, were subjected to squalor and exposure unspeakable, under a sun whose beams were as deadly as the sepoy bullets.

Eight miles had been covered when the order was given to halt for the night in a mango *tope* on the roadside. Wet and weary, the soldiers huddled under the slight shelter of the trees to wait for the tents that came not; for even in this short first march the miserable draught cattle had fallen behind. But after a time the rum came up, and after their dram the men made shift to spend the night on the saturated earth. Next day and the following and the day following that again, the column advanced by easy marches of eight miles each. Havelock believed that the Cawnpore garrison had been exterminated; and that he was justified in the leisurely progress which at once spared and inured his soldiers. But on the fourth day out he found urgent necessity for

accelerating his advance. Renaud sent him back the information that the Cawnpore mutineers were reported to be rapidly moving down toward him in great strength. Those tidings were confirmed by Havelock's own spies. He recognised that prompt and strenuous exertion was requisite to avert danger from Renaud's advance column, out there alone and unsupported, a long day's march in front of him. Nearly half its strength, about eight hundred all told, consisted of Sikhs whose fidelity was not fully assured; of its four hundred Europeans a number were mere recruits; the loyalty of its detachment of native cavalry was strongly suspected and half its gunners were natives. He had been informed that the force from Cawnpore was reckoned at about three thousand five hundred regular sepoys, strong in artillery, and swollen by a mass of irregular levies. Yet he would not order Renaud to fall back; the moral effect of the retrograde movement would be injurious. He determined to overtake him by a forced march, and then to press on and get face to face with the rebel army as early as might be. Starting in the early morning of the 11th, he marched fifteen miles under a burning sun to Arrapore. There he allowed a few hours' rest, and at midnight the column was again on the move. An hour later in a flood of moonlight its advance guard and the headquarter were defiling through Renaud's ranks drawn up on either side of the road; the bagpipes of the Highlanders struck up "The Campbells are Coming," which strenuous melody the Lambs strove in vain to drown with their ringing cheers of welcome; and after a short halt, the night march was resumed, Renaud's men at the head of the column. Sixteen long miles from

Arrapore had been covered and the sun was high when at seven o'clock the weary little army halted on the camping-ground of Belinda, some four miles short of the town of Futtehpore.

The halt was on a low ridge commanding a view of the Grand Trunk Road some distance ahead, and of the broad plain on either side of it. Great pools of water were thickly studded over this plain, and swamps extended some distance on either side of the road. The General having dismounted a little way up the road, was sitting under a tree waiting for his breakfast. Tytler had gone to the front on a reconnaissance, taking with him Barrow's handful of volunteer horsemen. The troops were resting on the slope, waiting for the tents and baggage to come up; some rubbing melted fat on their blistered feet, others cooling their chafes in the pools; many more too dead beaten to do anything but lie still. The cooks of messes were busy preparing breakfast, the commissariat having already come up.

The chief was questioning two spies sent in by Tytler, when suddenly a round shot came bowling along the road, struck the ground within half a dozen yards of where he sat, whitened him with its dust, and trundling on smashed one of the camp kettles of the Sixty-fourth. In the instant the cooks left their kettles where they hung; the weary sprang briskly up, the barefooted men pulled their highlows on over the chafes and blisters, and in two minutes' time the whole force was getting under arms. There was no need, now that an enemy was assuredly in the front, for the bugles to sound the "assembly." They did sound as Havelock, rising to his feet, sent Morland to the front through the cannon balls

now ricochetting pretty freely down the road, to bid Tytler fall leisurely back. Presently that officer and his escort were visible in the distance returning at a canter; behind them a great horde of native horse brandishing their *tulwars* and filling the air with insolent shouts. All of a sudden every *sowar* drew rein as if with one impulse, the yells ceased, the *tulwars* flashed no longer in the sun. They had seen the serried lines of bayonets crowning the long ridge. They had expected to find only Renaud's little column in their front, and lo! before them was an array whose strength was greatly more formidable.

For the prompt infantry were already in rank; drawn up in line of companies forming quarter distance columns, the Madras Fusiliers on the right, the Seventy-eighth constituting the right centre, the Sixty-fourth the left centre, Brasyer's Sikhs forming the left. Tytler reported to the chief, who had walked forward to meet him; then an aide-de-camp rode to Major Stirling, and presently one hundred men of the Sixty-fourth armed with Enfield rifles moved forward several hundred yards into a copse on the left of the Grand Trunk Road, which bisected the centre of the position. This disposition made, the order was given that the men should lie down without breaking their formation and get what rest they could until the course of events should develope itself. Havelock was wily. If the mutineers were engaging themselves in a mere ebullition that should presently expend itself, he would gratify his anxious desire to give his harassed soldiers rest: if they meant more serious business, his inertness of the moment would foster their audacity. It seemed that they did mean business.

Their horsemen moving aside uncovered infantry in formation; they brought cannon into action and threatened a flanking movement. Havelock was not going to stand this sort of thing. To use his own words, "It would have injured the *morale* of my troops to permit them to be thus bearded; so I determined at once to bring on an action."

He lost no time in giving effect to his resolution. Maude was bidden hurry his battery forward on the Trunk Road to the edge of the copse held by the Enfield riflemen of the Sixty-fourth,[1] silence the sepoy guns in his direct front, and then, diverging through the swamp on his left, gain a flanking position and push up to point-blank range. This he accomplished in the most dashing fashion, running his pieces up to within two hundred yards of the hostile infantry. The infantry pressed forward in support through the swamps and inundation, their advance covered by Enfield skirmishers. Renaud on the right carried a commanding knoll, whence the fire of his Enfields swept back the enemy's left. The sepoy guns on the road had been remanned, and confronted the advancing Seventy-eighth. "At the double — forward!" was Hamilton's word of command; his men obeyed him with a ringing slogan. The sepoy gunners and their supports did not wait for the onslaught; but abandoned their guns and fled when as yet their assailants were not within a hundred and fifty yards of the battery. Leaving the guns where they stood the Highlanders, who by this rush

[1] The Madras Fusiliers were armed throughout with the Enfield rifle, and to them fell most of the skirmishing. The flank companies only of the Sixty-fourth and Seventy-eighth had the Enfield; the Sikhs had the old Brown Bess.

had thrown themselves forward out of the alignment, advanced more leisurely through swamp and copse, till at length they were within fire of the garden enclosures outside the town of Futtehpore. Here the enemy appeared inclined to make a stand under cover of the walls, but their hearts failed them when the Enfield bullets began to patter, and they hurried off in retreat. And now the entrance of the town was within sight, blocked, however, by a barricade formed of carts, tumbrils, and logs. The Sixty-fourth had caught up with the Seventy-eighth, and the right flank of the one and the left flank of the other were on the road together, with a straight run in. The barricade was carried with a rush; the "honours easy" between the light company of the Highlanders and the grenadiers of the Sixty-fourth. Inside the town there was some little hand-to-hand fighting, for the Sepoys dodged about among the houses and had to be driven out. A cart-load of rupees had been upset in the street and the sight of the silver tempted men to dally; others straggled in search of food and drink. By some mistake a bugler sounded the "halt" on the farther side of the town, which occasioned further delay, and meanwhile the mutineers were reforming beyond it. Palliser's Native Irregulars were sent to the front, but behaved so badly that Havelock next day disarmed and dismounted them, assigning their horses to Barrow's volunteers. Palliser[1] himself rode headlong into the hostile ranks, was dashed from his horse, and would have been cut to pieces but for the devotion of his *ressaldar*, who lost his own life in saving that of his

[1] Now Sir C. H. Palliser, K.C.B.

leader. With some delay the artillery and riflemen toiled once more to the front, and their fire soon put the enemy to final and irretrievable flight. For our people it had been an all but bloodless victory; twelve British soldiers, however, had been slain by the sun. What Fort Donelson was to the North in the American Civil War, Futtehpore was to us in the Mutiny struggle. It was the first action with the rebel soldiery in which our arms were successful — the first beating that the mutineers received in the open field. And it was Havelock's first battle in which he was his own general. The tidings of Futtehpore sped through India, gladdening the hearts of the British people, bidding the natives take note that the rule of the *sahib-log* was still masterful. In due time the news of it went home, and the name of Havelock was hailed in palace and in cottage.

He was justifiably proud of the good day's work; humility and thankfulness wrestling with the pride. The same night he wrote to his wife: "One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life has been answered, and I have lived to command in a general action. . . . The enemy sallied and insulted my camp. . . . We fought, and in ten minutes' time the affair was decided. . . . But away with vain glory! Thanks to Almighty God who gave me the victory. I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's whole force to the winds." Naturally he was out next morning with an Order of Thanks to his troops. Not content with congratulating them on the success, he must needs catalogue the various elements which he regarded as contributing to it. Much as if he were a scientific chemist detailing an analysis, but in more grandiose

phrase, he attributed the victory "to the fire of British Artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the Brigadier has ever witnessed in his not short career; to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck, that great quality which has survived the vicissitudes of the hour, and gained intensity from the crisis; and to the blessing of Almighty God in a most righteous cause." Sir John Kaye finds in these ascriptions "a sort of Cromwellian many-sidedness."

The town of Futtehpore because of its evil deeds was given over to plunder and the firebrand. The 13th was a halt day for much-needed rest. The march of the 14th was unopposed; but about daybreak of the 15th, Barrow's horsemen scouting in advance, when near the village of Aong came suddenly on an entrenchment thrown up across the road, behind which were a couple of guns and the enemy in considerable force. As the horsemen galloped back with this information they were followed by round shot, and by a body of sepoy infantry who took possession of a hamlet several hundred yards in advance of their main position, and from it opened a lively musketry fire. Havelock promptly made his dispositions. To Tytler he assigned the command of a strong advance force—about one-third of the column; he himself with the main body remaining to protect the baggage which the hostile cavalry, hovering on both flanks, were threatening. Tytler, rapidly forming his detachment under fire, gave Renaud the word to go with two companies of his Fusiliers at the hamlet held by the enemy. He and his men carried it at the double; but the gallant Renaud never charged more. A sepoy bullet

smashed his thigh, and he died of the wound the day after the column marched into Cawnpore. While Renaud was clearing the Pandies out of the hamlet, Maude had come up with the artillery, and a few rounds drove away from the entrenchment its defenders, who left their guns as they fled. One of those guns was found curiously wrecked. While the gunner had been ramming home, a shot from one of Maude's pieces had come along, killed the gunner, smashed the rammer, and jammed itself with the utmost neatness into the muzzle of the gun, which it had split up to the very touch-hole. While the fighting in front had been in progress, the rebel cavalry had repeatedly tried to cut in on the main body and plunder the baggage, but had been steadily repulsed, and they now in a panic galloped after the infantry, throwing away in their flight arms, looted jewellery, and even money. The road all the way from Aong to the Pandoo Nuddee was strewn with abandoned tents, carts, baggage, and military stores.

The little affair at Aong with the march that preceded it, would have been a fair day's work, but the chief was to exact from the willing soldiery more marching and more fighting before the sun should set. A few miles farther forward the Grand Trunk Road crossed the Pandoo Nuddee by a fine stone bridge. The river was in full flood and of course unfordable; Havelock had no pontoon train and in the midst of a hostile population there was no hope of boats; should the bridge go his advance on Cawnpore would be indefinitely retarded. And now during the two hours' halt permitted for much-needed food and rest, his spies brought to the General the tidings that the enemy had rallied in a fortified

position on the farther side of the bridge, of which one of the arches had been mined. Not a moment was to be lost. The preparations for breakfast were abandoned. The tired and hungry soldiers cheerfully obeyed the bugle call, and resumed the toilsome march under a vertical sun, stepping out with a will. After a two hours' tramp the advance guard suddenly came under artillery fire, and fell back by order. A short reconnaissance showed that the enemy were fully prepared to dispute the passage of the river. Then "officers' call" was sounded, and the general in his curt but lucid manner, explained to his subordinates his dispositions for the attack.

The inherent viciousness of the entrenched bridge-end position held by the mutineers was discernible at a glance. The Pandoo was margined on the side approached by us by a high precipitous bluff. The river made a bend outwards, as it were, toward the advancing Britons, and just at the apex of the salient was the bridge. The road to it ran down a ravine scarped by nature through the bluff, and to right and left of this ravine were two other ravines, nearly parallel with the central one but converging somewhat toward the bridge. On the rebel side, in the bosom of the bend, was a fine alluvial tract, in the entrenchments on which were a 24-pound gun and a 25-pound carronade commanding the bridge and the road beyond it.

A detachment of Enfield riflemen of the Madras Fusiliers moved down each of the lateral ravines, lined the banks, and opened a hot fire on the enemy's gunners and their cavalry supports. Maude, permitted to carry out his own suggestion, proceeded to envelope the entrench-

ment in a concentric artillery fire, posting three guns at the head of the central ravine, two at the head of the right, and three at the head of the left. The main body remained in reserve lying down on either side of the road, the enemy's cannon shot whistling over the soldiers as they lay. Not all, however, of the missiles were thus harmless. A restless fellow of the grenadier company of the Seventy-eighth was utilising a little hillock as a pillow, and chaffing his comrades for not making themselves as comfortable as he had done. He was a dead man next moment. A round shot lit on his head and smashed it to a jelly. Havelock was close by. He took a long look at what remained of poor Laurence, and then remarked: "His was a happy death, grenadiers. He died in the service of his country." The anticlimax came from somewhere down the line: "For masel', sir, gin ye've nae objections, I wad suner bide alive i' the service o' ma cuntra!"

Suddenly, from near the crown of the bridge there was a flash, a puff of white smoke, and then the dull heavy thud of an explosion.

"There goes the bridge!" was the universal shout of disappointment. But the bridge was not gone. The explosion had blown away only a piece of the parapet and a segment of the roadway. The smoke had scarcely drifted away when Maude had his guns forward on the water's edge, and was smashing shrapnel right into the thick of the sepoys at point-blank range. Almost simultaneously Stephenson and his Fusiliers, cheering vehemently as they dashed forward at the double, threw themselves on the bridge, and were across it and bayoneting the rebel gunners before they had time to run away. The Highlanders followed deploying at

speed as they crossed, but there remained no enemy to deal with. The horsemen had galloped off leaving the gunners to their fate. Most of the latter were slain where they stood; those taken alive were heaved into the turbid current of the Pandoo Nuddee and there was an end of them. The British loss in the two affairs of this day was about thirty killed and wounded.

Havelock pushed his command a mile beyond the bridge, and then a halt was made. The fellows had been marching and fighting all day in the blazing sun, and were dead beaten. The damage to the bridge delayed the arrival of the commissariat cattle, and it was so late when they were killed and the meat cooked that the men were past their appetite. By morning, so hot had been the night, most of the meat was spoiled and was thrown away. From the afternoon of the 14th until about noon of the 16th, all the sustenance that the majority partook of was a scanty meal of biscuits and porter.

The relentless reveille roused in the small hours the still tired soldiers from their tentless bivouac. When the regiments had formed up in the moonlight, the General addressed them. This time he had something to say that went straight to every heart. He had heard, he said, that there were still alive in Cawnpore two hundred and more women and children of our race who had escaped the massacre of June 27th. "With God's help," shouted the old chief, his head bared and his hand on his sword—and there was a sob in the ring of the voice of him—"with God's help, men, we shall save them, or every man of us die in the attempt. I am trying you sorely, men," he continued; "but I know the

stuff you are made of; think of our women and the tender infants in the power of those devils incarnate!"

The soldiers replied to their leader with three ringing cheers; and then, not waiting for the word of command, went "fours right" and took the road. The morning broke on the hottest day since the advance had begun; but there was no flagging. Steadily and doggedly the men tramped on under the burning sun. Now and then a poor fellow threw up his arms, and dropping his musket fell heavily to the ground. His comrades picked up the victim of the ruthless heat and placed him by the wayside out of the line of march; and then closing up mechanically, pressed on in that sullen, silent, determined manner which was the characteristic of this day's dreadful march.

Toward noon, after a tramp of some sixteen miles, the sorely wearied little army reached the village of Maharajpore, and the welcome "halt" was sounded. Barrow's volunteer cavalry went forward on a reconnaissance and presently sent in two loyal sepoys who, faithful among the faithless, were on their way to us, the bearers at the risk of their lives of invaluable intelligence. They had marched with the rebels from Cawnpore, had spent the night in their camp, and had noted minutely all their dispositions of the morning. What they had to tell Havelock was this—

The Nana himself was in our front, come out with five thousand men and eight guns to play his last stake. Near the hundred and twentieth milestone from Allahabad, the branch-road leading rightward to Cawnpore leaves the Grand Trunk Road. The Nana's army was in position about eight hundred yards beyond the fork,

its front extending about a mile and a quarter in crescent form, the centre occupying the space between the two roads, the wings prolonged beyond on either side, thus ⌒. Its left, which reached to within a mile of the Ganges, rested on an entrenched village standing among trees on elevated ground, and defended by three 24-pounders. Its centre was covered by swampy ground, and by a low lying hamlet, on the edge of which, commanding the Trunk Road, were a 24-pound howitzer and a 9-pounder in an entrenchment. In front of its right was a village in a grove of mango-trees surrounded by a mud wall, through embrasures in which loured the muzzles of two 9-pounders. In the anticipation that the attacking force must advance by the Trunk Road up at least to the fork, all the artillery was laid to sweep that spot, and the ranges had been measured and marked. The rebel infantry was massed along the line in support of the guns, and a regiment of mutineer cavalry occupied open ground in rear of the left.

A direct frontal attack on such a position held in strength so great would have been rash to desperation. Havelock wisely resolved on a turning movement. Assiduous questioning of villagers convinced him that his most eligible objective was the enemy's left flank, notwithstanding the tactical unsoundness involved in uncovering his communications and his baggage, which latter he was to leave under guard at Maharajpore. The temptation to manœuvre for his foes' left flank was a line of groves that promised in considerable measure to mask a turning movement in that direction. So he summoned his commanding officers, and for an hour or so Havelock was to be seen on the summit of a little sandy elevation

which he had scratched with his sword-point some-
g that looked like a mathematical problem, lecturing
much emphasis and fluency to his assembled subor-
tes. Having by the aid of this diagram explained
projected tactics, not forgetting to observe that he
s following old Fritz's celebrated *Schräge Stellung*
Leuthen and elsewhere, and having satisfied himself
questions and answers that his intentions were
oroughly understood, he sent the officers back to
eir respective commands, and the troops fell in.

The three hours' halt had rested them somewhat.
lso they had eaten, they had drunk, and, to tell the
ruth, some of them had got as nearly as possible drunk.
The Madras Fusiliers and some of the Sixty-fourth had
liscovered in a swamp by the wayside sundry barrels of
porter, the derelicts of some unrecorded convoy. Of
course there was a rush on so welcome a find; can-
eens were filled, mouths were clapped to bung-holes,
he ends of casks were stove in, and thirsty soldiers
rank of the porter-puddles formed on the ground. The
ommissariat officer had a hard struggle to secure part
f the prize for the common good, but was able to
ecover enough to go round the rest of the force in
moderation, and a great reinvigoration was the result.
Copious porter on empty stomachs had considerably over-
invigorated the Lambs; and when they fell in their
formation was rather unsteady. Probably there was a
good deal of porter in their vehement cheering as they
marched off up the road at the head of the column, fol-
lowing Barrow's scouting troopers; but of their keenness
for fighting there was no question, and with a five miles'
march before them they would be as steady as churches

by the time business should begin. Behind the Fusi
moved off in succession the Seventy-eighth, the Si
fourth and Eighty-fourth combined, and the Sil
the guns in the intervals between the regime
whose formation was in columns of subdivisi
A steady tramp of three miles brought the force
within half a mile of the fork. Barrow's horsem
acting on instructions, held straight forward towa
the enemy's centre, commissioned to simulate the
tention of a frontal attack on the part of the enti
force, while the leading company of the Fusiliers,
furtherance of the deception, opened a skirmish fire o
either side of the road. But the column engaging in th
turning movement which Havelock had devised, wheele
to its right and pressed steadily on behind the friendly
screen of mango-trees, its objective point the upland be
tween the enemy's left flank and the river. About hal
the required distance was traversed without detection
then a gap in the trees betrayed the movement, and th
enemy's artillery fire, which Barrow's people had bee
skilfully drawing, was diverted on the exposed flank
the column. Several casualties occurred in the Seventy
eighth and Sixty-fourth, but not a shot was fired
reply. As the soldiers marched steadily and silentl
on, the strains of familiar home-tunes played in mocker
by the bands of the revolted sepoy regiments, came to
them on the light wind; and as they listened to "Auld
Lang Syne" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," the faces grew
set and stern, and lurid fury possessed every heart.
The enemy were slow to discern the meaning of the
movement which our people were executing; but at
length it flashed on them as the head of the column

emerged on their flank from behind the cover of the groves. Their left wing made a hurried effort to change front to meet the impending attack, and their three big guns of that wing had been moved and had already opened fire in their new positions before the British regiments had completed their wheel into line. That accomplished, the force at once began its advance in direct *échelon* from the right, the leading regiment, the Seventy-eighth, flanked on either side by four guns; the Madras Fusiliers spread athwart the whole front in skirmishing order. But our light pieces were ineffectual to silence the rapidly and skilfully served big cannon of the foe. And he was rushing to his threatened left yet more cannon; troops from his centre were hurrying thither, and his new front was in swift formation. Our troops had been temporarily halted, and were lying down while Maude's gunners were trying ineffectually to beat down the fire of the sepoy cannon. It was an intensely critical moment—one of those moments which test the true man of action. Havelock gave Hamilton the word; one keen glance to the front from under his shaggy eyebrows, and the old colonel shouted the order, "The Ross-shire Buffs will advance; quick march!"

Silent, grim, imperturbable, the Highlanders strode steadily on, with the long springing stride only to be learnt on the heather. Five minutes brought them within eighty yards of the sepoy cannon, and through the smoke they could dimly see the faces of the straining gunners and of the infantry supports. Then old "Wattie," with his sword in the air and his face all ablaze with the fighting blood in him, turned in his

saddle, shouted "Charge!" and bade the pipers strike up. Wild and shrill burst forth over that Indian plain the scream of the northern music. But louder yet, drowning it and the roar of the artillery, rang out that Highland war-cry that has so often presaged victory to British arms. The clansmen were on and over the guns ere the gunners had time to drop their linstocks and ramming rods; they were in on the supports with their bayonets at the charge, and the foremost supports were down where they stood, for time did not serve them to break and run. Mad with the ardour of battle, every drop of Highland blood afire in every vein, the Ross-shire men crashed right through the village and cleared it before they dropped out of the "double." They had crushed the enemy's left, taken its guns, and sent a great mass of sepoys whirling to the rear. But their chief needed more work at their hands. In the village which was the centre of the enemy's position was the big howitzer from between which and our people the Highlanders had driven the defenders of the left, so that the great gun had now free range against us. Havelock galloped up to the Highlanders, who were reforming behind a causeway leading up to a little bridge, and pointing with his sword toward the belching howitzer, shouted "Now, Highlanders, another charge like the last wins the day!" The General could not complain that day of the lack of a responsive cheer. Impatiently restrained by their officers till a rough formation had been effected, they burst out from behind the causeway as a Highland stream comes tearing down a glen, and swept everything before them with resistless force. Havelock himself led their charge. The howitzer

was taken, the position was carried, the village beyond it was rushed, the enemy's centre shared the fate of its left; and the breathless Scots halted unwillingly in obedience to the bugle call.

The native troops, expelled from their position, were falling back in disorder along the Trunk Road, their retreat covered by the *sowars* of the Second Cavalry, who had previously assailed in vain the square hurriedly formed to receive them by the Madras Fusiliers in rear of the shattered left. As the Highlanders carried the centre, Barrow's horsemen came cantering up the Trunk Road, burning with impatience for an opportunity to use their swords. The General shook his head when Barrow pleaded for permission to go at the *sowars* with his handful; and then he rode off to join the Sixty-fourth and Eighty-fourth, who, with the Sikhs, had swept on to attack and smash the rebel right, and capture the guns in position there. Captain Beatson, the adjutant-general, had been attacked by cholera early in the day. He was a dying man, although he did not know it; he was buried two days after the force entered Cawnpore. Unable to mount his horse, he had gone into action on a tumbril, following Barrow's little detachment. While the general was gone Beatson saw an opening for the horsemen, and gave Barrow his head. Barrow threw away his cigar, gathered up his reins, called out to his handful "Come on!" and dashed up the road at score. His little band, their heart a good deal better than their dressing, galloped hard on his heels, cheering as they charged. "Give point, lads; damn cuts and guards!" roared Barrow as he skewered a *havildar* who confronted him, and then burst into the thick of the

sowars. The *mêlée* was brief but furious; when it ended the *sowars* were in full flight, and there was not a clean sword blade in Barrow's command. His men had been fighting to a gallery, and as they rode back, not with full numbers, they were greeted by the infantry with ringing plaudits, and by Havelock's words of praise—"Well done, gentlemen volunteers; I am proud to command you!"

So ended the first phase of the combat; but the day was not yet won. The mutineers had fought and run away, but they did not wait till "another day" on which to fight again. The fugitives from their shattered left and centre had united, and were now holding in force with a couple of guns a village about a mile in rear of their original position. Maude's gun-teams were utterly exhausted, and the guns had to be left behind with Barrow's horsemen to cover them; the captured cannon were parked near the Trunk Road under the guardianship of Brasyer's Sikhs. These dispositions completed, the British infantry moved forward, the way lying through deep-ploughed fields, great stretches of which were under water. Almost at once the force came under artillery fire from the village in and about which the enemy had rallied. More than half the distance had been slowly traversed, and the soldiers were beginning to lag in their weariness—to "hang" in the way that overwrought troops are apt to do in the face of heavy fire. Havelock had not soldiered for forty years without having come to know the nature of the soldier from the crown of his shako down to his ammunition boots. He rode out to the front, pulled up, smiled genially at a cannon shot that missed him by a hair's breadth, and

cheerily cried, much as if the affair in hand were a game of bowls—"Come, who is to take that village, the Highlanders or the Sixty-fourth?" The challenge stirred the fire of regimental rivalry; eyes flashed, backs straightened; the spirit became willing and the flesh was no longer weak. The two regiments raced at the village abreast, and without a check in their pace drove the enemy into it, through it, and out of it at the farther side. The Madras Fusiliers cleared and occupied the outlying copses on the right.

All resistance seemed now over. There was a halt for reorganisation after the village-fight, and then the troops resumed the advance. It lay up a low rise, the clumps of trees dotted about which interfered with the view to the front. The column crowned the slope, to encounter all of a sudden a fierce fire, and to confront a startling and ominous spectacle. Right in its path, distant a short half mile, a great mass of rebel soldiery stood athwart the Cawnpore road, the broad front of the array stretching far to right and left. In front of its centre a 24-pound gun was in rapid action; two smaller pieces on the flank were being served not less energetically. A flutter of banners overhung the rebel cohorts. Clamorous shouts, clang of cymbals, blare of bugles, roll of drums, filled the air with a medley of din in the intervals of the roar of the guns. Amid the throng was seen moving hither and thither a richly caparisoned elephant, carrying a howdah the gilding of which flashed in the slanting sun-rays. Of that howdah the occupant was the Nana, who had stiffened his courage to attempt by his presence to inspire with constancy the fresh levies he had led out for a final resolute stand

against the white men coming on with so much to avenge.

The soldiers were sore spent, the guns were a mile in the rear, the enemy's fire came strong, and the officers did not wait for the general's permission to bid their men halt and lie down. It is a trying situation for soldiers over whom the revulsion from the strain and excitement of battle is gradually creeping, to lie supine listening to the cannon shot whizzing over them. Gaining audacity from our immobility, the mutineer cavalry were moving round on the flanks, and the infantry had begun to develope an aggressive intention. Still Maude and his guns came not; the men began to get restless, and the grumblers were growling in their beards that enough had been done for the day. The sun was on the horizon and the shadows were already deepening. The issue of the day was trembling in the balance.

Havelock had his finger on the pulse of his command. Invaluable as would be its co-operation, he durst not wait for the arrival of his artillery. Riding out to the front on a pony—his charger had been shot under him—he reined up with his face to his soldiers and his back to the cannon fire; then he spoke in the calm, high-pitched voice that carried so far. And this was what he said:

"The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it. Rise up. The brigade will advance, left battalion leading!"

The left battalion was the Sixty-fourth. What happened is best told in Havelock's own words: "The enemy sent round shot into our ranks until we were within three hundred yards, and then poured in grape

with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the Sixty-fourth, led by Major Stirling and by my aide-de-camp, who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewed with wounded; but on they steadily and silently came; then with a cheer charged and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour. The enemy lost all heart, and after a hurried fire of musketry gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up, and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade; and as it grew dark the roofless barracks of our artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evident that Cawnpore was once more in our possession."

So fast fell the night that the troops following the leading regiment were chary of firing lest they should injure friends as well as foes. Indeed the General narrowly escaped a volley, when having ridden some distance to the front, he and his staff came back at a gallop to call the Highlanders forward. And so ended the battle of Cawnpore; in which eleven hundred British infantrymen, twenty horsemen, a scratch battery of field guns, and three hundred Sikhs, fighting under a deadly sun, wholly discomfited and put to utter rout a native army five thousand strong, superior in number and weight of guns, relatively stronger in cavalry than even in infantry, all arms trained and disciplined by British officers, and holding a position skilfully chosen and strongly entrenched.

The pursuit of the flying enemy was maintained for half a mile, and the force halted on the edge of the *maidan* of Cawnpore. The battle-ardour was spent and the soldiers became conscious of their utter exhaustion.

They languidly piled arms and then dropped in sections where they stood, falling asleep on the bare ground, careless of food or tents. Since the morning they had marched twenty miles, and then fought for four hours in one of the hottest days of the Indian summer. Food and tents were still far behind at Maharajpore, and were not up till next morning. The General supped on half a biscuit from his son's haversack and a mouthful of porter from a bottle Colonel Tytler had in his holster. He called to him the officers of the Seventy-eighth, and told them and bade them tell their men, that he had never seen a regiment behave more gallantly and steadily, and that if he lived to be offered the command of a regiment he would beg to be given the Ross-shire Buffs. If the officers yawned while they thanked him, it was not because they did not value the compliment; it was quite in vain that night that they tried to communicate to their men the appreciation of the chief. About midnight there was a sudden alarm. Fagged out as the men were, they mechanically struggled to their feet and fell into their places, still dazed with sleep. But it was a false alarm, it was not the enemy; indeed it was a welcome friend, the rum. The commissary immediately made an issue; comforted greatly the men resumed their bivouac, and the silence of deep sleep again pervaded the little force. The reveille, sounding before dawn, awoke it to a cruel shock. There ran along the ranks the awful bruit that the women and children in Cawnpore had been massacred in cold blood while the battle had been raging the previous afternoon.

It was but too true that the ghastly deed of blood had been enacted, but the slaughter had been perpetrated not while our men were winning the battle of Cawnpore,

but late in the afternoon of the previous day. Bala Rao, the Nana's brother and his general at the Pandoo Nuddee bridge, had galloped off the field with a bullet wound in his shoulder, and brought the news to the new-made Peishwah that the Feringhee soldiers had forced the passage of the Pandoo and were in full march on Cawnpore. Whether "in rage, in fear, or in bestial cruelty" may never be known, or at whose instance the resolution was taken for the immediate slaughter of the helpless prisoners cooped in the Beebeeghur. It was from the Nana that the order came to kill and spare not; he saw the few men who were among the captives brought out and done to death. Then a firing party of sepoys received orders to fire on the women and children through the doors and windows of their prison house. It was told of those sepoys to their credit that the task set them was not to their taste, and that they intentionally fired high. So for the work of slaughter butchers were summoned from the bazaars, who with knives and swords fell upon the women and children. Next morning the dead and the dying were dragged out of the shambles, stripped, and thrown pell-mell into an adjoining well.

Havelock has been blamed for not entering Cawnpore on the night of the battle. The physical exhaustion of his command made this an impossibility. But even if the troops had not been utterly done up, an attempt to do so would have been unjustifiable, no matter how pressing the incentive. What with detachments and the losses of the battle, his available strength was diminished to eight hundred men. Many of his wounded were lying where they had fallen, and the hostile cavalry were

hovering around the battle-field. His infantry was almost out of ammunition, and the reserve of it was miles in the rear with the baggage. Cawnpore was full of armed enemies who, if they had fled from the field, might be reckoned on to have heart enough left for street fighting. To lead his force in the darkness into the narrow and intricate streets of Cawnpore would have been to court destruction. And I hold it all but certain that before he allowed his troops to bivouac Havelock had already heard of the massacre of the women and children, although he refrained from publishing the sad intelligence until he should receive confirmation of its truth.

Daylight disclosed to the brigade that it stood on the edge of the broad plain on whose face lay the cantonments and the city of Lucknow. In front were the long lines which had been the quarters of the revolted native troops, and beyond, the roofless artillery barracks. On the left the Savada House, in which the Nana had lived during the siege of Wheeler's entrenchment, raised its square form above the trees. The General had sent Tytler out with a reconnoitring party, and while the force waited the return of this expedition, some of the Highlanders wandered to the Savada House, where Tantia Topee, the Nana's lieutenant, had kept his head-quarters, so it was said, until within a few hours. The lair was still warm—the rooms were littered with arms and papers, and on a table in the verandah was a service of coffee-cups, which had probably contained the last refreshment swallowed by the man of blood before he rode away. Strolling down to the end of the garden the men came upon a richly furnished tent embowered among foliage, and over against it a pavilion which, to

judge by the costly shawls and pretty nicknacks that remained, had been a harem. Wandering hither and thither, on the outlook chiefly for drink and loot, the men came suddenly on the corpse of a white girl. It lay among the shrubs at the back of the White House, and apparently had been thrown from a window; but it was not the fall that had killed the fair-haired girl. The rough soldiers tenderly straightened the still supple limbs, and having hollowed a shallow grave in the loose earth of the garden, reverently interred the body of their ill-fated countrywoman. Old Macnab, the patriarch of the grenadier company, was at the grave-head, the tears in his eyes as he groped in his Scriptural lore for an appropriate text or two; his comrades stood around with frowning brows and clenched fists, more prone to curse than to follow the Applecross man in his somewhat mangled quotations from Scripture, when a sudden and deafening report crashed upon their ears. The ground trembled as if shaken by an earthquake, and looking westward the men saw a huge cloud of white smoke rising in the air. They hurried back to the bivouac, where the order had just been given for all to get under arms. Presently Tytler came galloping in from his reconnaissance, and brought the tidings that the rebels had entirely evacuated the city and its environs. The loud concussion just heard had been the explosion of the great magazine which a party of rebel cavalry had been left behind to blow up. A thrill went through the ranks when the slaughter of the captives was confirmed beyond a doubt.

After breakfast the troops marched forward into the cantonments. The tents of the Seventy-eighth only had

come up, and the other regiments were temporarily quartered in the deserted huts of the native lines. The Seventy-eighth moved farther on, passing as they marched the shattered remnants of Wheeler's entrenchment, and encamped near a tank between it and the canal. When the guards had been set and the routine dispositions made, men began to break bounds. Some made off toward the town in quest of loot and drink; others went out to inspect and wonder at the battered earth-bank behind which their countrymen had made a defence so gallant. Yet others sought, as pilgrims to a shrine, the scene of the slaughter of the women and children. Perhaps the first to engage in this mournful quest were three men of the Seventy-eighth. The vicinity of the theatre and the assembly rooms seemed almost entirely deserted; only here and there a swarthy face glowered at them from a corner or from an upper window. Presently they reached the entrance of a compound, about which flitted weirdly two or three shrinking cowering natives. These huddled in a little knot as the soldiers approached, anxious seemingly to attract their attention to something, but too terrified to come close and explain their meaning. Pointing their lean arms in the direction of the little bungalow inside the compound, they kept uttering the word *Sahib! Sahib!* in a loud whisper, and beckoning timidly as if they wished, yet half dreaded, that the soldiers should enter the compound. The Scots did so. As they strode up toward the low flat-roofed bungalow by the narrow path trodden in the long rank grass of the compound, the whispering knot of natives gazed on them with pallid faces. The leading soldier of the three

crossed the threshold and entered one of the rooms. Next moment he came rushing out, his face ghastly, his hands working convulsively, his whole aspect, as he strove in vain to gasp out some articulate sound, evidencing that he had seen some dreadful sight. His comrades went in, and their hearts stood still in the presence of the tokens of the awful tragedy. A dead silence abode there—in all the place there was no living thing. But the matting with which the floor was laid oozed spongily under their tread, for it was soaked with blood. Wherever there was a depression there stood a pool of blood, slowly soddening into the matting. The floor was strewn with pitiful relics—broken ornaments, scraps of blood-dabbled dresses, children's pinafores, leaves of the Bible, fragments of letters, babies' shoes—but why prolong the catalogue of the woeful tokens of the devilry that had been enacted within those four low-walls! . . . Long and silently, with wet eyes and quivering lips, did the soldiers stand gazing on this horror. But what had been done with the victims of the pitiless slaughter? As the pale soldiers turned away without speech, actuated by the common impulse to make the ghastly search, they noticed that from the handles of the doors hung torn strips of women's clothing, the pitiful, futile expedient to hinder the entrance of the slayers. As they came out on to the verandah, shuddering to notice the red imprint their footsteps left, they observed that the pillars were smeared with blood about the base. From this sign, the trail, broad and well defined, blazoned with its tell-tale stains, led across the courtyard to the brink of a well, into which when the soldiers looked, they found

it full nearly to the lip—full of the hacked and mangled dead bodies of British women and British children.

. . . . . .

Was it any wonder that when the men carried back with them to camp a long heavy tress of golden hair cut clean through as if by the slash of a sharp sword, and showed this token of devilish ruthlessness to comrades who had been fighting, and marching, and starving, and straining that this thing might not be; was it any wonder, I ask, that those soldiers swore to exact a merciless retribution, as with a hell of hate and fury and lust for revenge seething in every heart, they stood around the dead yet eloquent witness to their oath?

CHAPTER VI

NO THOROUGHFARE

THE exertion of the march and the excitement of the battle were over for a time now that Cawnpore was reached; and the inevitable reaction affected both leader and led. The shadow of the awful well was on the little band, they and the massacred dead of their race alone here in the midst of countless enemies. The cholera had broken out among the troops. The hospital tents were full of groaning wounded, and the *dhoolies* were still bringing in more from the adjacent battle-field. The sullen silence of the camp was broken only by mournful sounds, as the bagpipes wailed "The Flowers of the Forest" in front of the burial parties escorting to the grave the dead of the battle. The General had the consciousness of arduous work well done, of having won a memorable victory. He was justified in writing: "I consider Cawnpore as my best fight, not only on account of its results, but because it was won, by God's blessing, *non vi sed arte*"; and the little touch of half-deprecating self-complacency—"You see I am becoming my own trumpeter in my old age"—has both its humour and its pathos. But there was for him not alone the fresh memory of the brilliant past, but the realisation of the sombre present, and the boding

of the uncertain future. As he entered Cawnpore the faithful spy Ungud had come to him with the sad tidings of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. Between him and the dead man there had been a long and close friendship. Havelock had found great joy in the hope and belief that he was pressing on to the succour of Lawrence, beleaguered in the Lucknow Residency, and had written him from Allahabad a letter to that effect; but Lawrence was already in the grave when that letter was written. Nana Sahib was reported to be holding Bithoor with forty-five guns and five thousand men. Helped by those sombre influences, the reaction that had affected his soldiers had temporary sway over his high soul. Marshman tells how,

> As he sat at dinner with his son on the evening of the 17th, his mind appeared for the first and last time to be affected with gloomy forebodings, as it dwelt on the probable annihilation of his brave men in a fruitless attempt to accomplish what was beyond their strength. After musing long in deep thought, his strong sense of duty and his confidence in the justice of the cause, restored the buoyancy of his spirit; and he exclaimed, "If the worst comes to the worst we can but die with our swords in our hands!"

It may perhaps be doubted whether he ever did after this time recover in full the buoyancy of his spirit. His worn frame had been severely strained in the march from Allahabad; that he was far from feeling assured of continued good fortune there is evidence; and probably Henry Havelock's spirit culminated when on the night of the victory of Cawnpore he bivouacked joyously, "though without dinner, my waterproof coat serving me as a couch on the damp ground."

However, there were no Nana and no Nana's host at

Bithoor, as Major Stephenson discovered when he led a reconnaissance in force on that place, burnt down the palace, blew up the magazine, and hauled back to Cawnpore twenty cannon which the Nana had abandoned. From depression the soldiers had swung into intoxication, plunder, and rapine. The town was full of drink and loot, and the men broke into excesses with such fervour that the General declared the marauding in his camp exceeded the disorders of the period when Nana Sahib had sway. He announced, and declared it "no idle threat," that the provost-marshal had orders to hang up, in their uniform, all British soldiers caught plundering. The drunkenness he curbed by setting his commissary to buy up the drink, but for which expedient, as he explained to Sir Patrick Grant, "it would require one-half my force to keep it from being drunk up by the other half, and I should scarcely have a sober soldier in camp." But the most effectual measure to stop both drunkenness and marauding was to get his force out of Cawnpore as early as possible on that enterprise which lay before him on the Oude side of the Ganges. As a contribution toward the success thereof Neill, now Brigadier-General, opportunely brought him up a reinforcement of two hundred and twenty-seven men, mostly young soldiers of the Madras Fusiliers, as well as some small instalment of ammunition and stores which, with other unattainable needs, Havelock had urgently requisitioned from the Pandoo Nuddee. Neill had made no delay; indeed, under orders from Sir Patrick Grant, he had left Allahabad before Havelock's requisition could have reached him there; for the requisition was forwarded on the 15th, and Neill reached Cawnpore on July

20th. Before crossing into Oude the General planned, armed, and all but finished an advantageously situated, entrenched, and fortified work commanding the river, sufficiently large to accommodate, and sufficiently strong to protect in case of need, the garrison of some three hundred men who were all he could spare to hold Cawnpore during his absence. The command there he entrusted to General Neill.

There is no space here for a detailed narrative of the siege and defence of Lucknow; nor is it needed, since the story is among the most memorable in the annals of our race. Already in April Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oude, was aware that mischief was brewing among the native troops of his province. In and about his capital these, regulars, irregulars, and police, numbered nearly ten thousand. His garrison of European soldiers consisted of one regiment about seven hundred strong, and a weak company of artillerymen. By the end of June all Oude was in revolt, and on the 30th seven thousand mutinous sepoys were marching on Lucknow. Sir Henry preferred to take the initiative rather than wait to be attacked; and on that morning he moved out to Chinhut to oppose the rebel advance with a force about seven hundred strong, of whom only three hundred were Europeans. The heat exhausted the latter, many of his natives deserted, and he was defeated with the loss of about two hundred men and a portion of his artillery. The results of this reverse were the occupation of the city, the uprising of its turbulent population, and the immediate investment of the Residency position. His secondary post in the Muchee

Bawn fortress-arsenal Lawrence considered it wise to abandon, and it was blown up with its contents of guns and ammunition at midnight of July 1st, its garrison retiring into the Residency. The long siege had begun.

The space of ground which bears and will bear to all time the title of the Residency of Lucknow, is a somewhat elevated plateau irregular in surface and in contour, of which the highest part was occupied by the Residency mansion, the circumjacent area being studded irregularly with public buildings and with the houses of the principal civilian officials of the province. These were built of brick and were fairly strong, but in the laying out of this purely civilian headquarter there had been no pretence of fortification, and it was simply enclosed—and that partially—by a low weak wall. The lofty buildings of native Lucknow commanded it on three sides at the shortest of short range, some indeed forming part of its boundary. After Sir Colin Campbell brought away the garrison in November the Residency lapsed into the hands of the mutineers, who held it till the reoccupation in the following March. They pulled down some of the already shattered buildings, and left their fell imprint by desecrating the graves in which brave hands had laid the dead of the siege. When quiet returned the Residency, its commemorative features uninterfered with, was laid out as a garden, and flowers now bloom on soil once wet with the blood of heroes. The accumulated rubbish has been removed; the shot-shattered buildings are stayed from crumbling further; tablets indicate the posts and specially memorable spots; and the pilgrim, map in hand, may identify all the inanimate features

of the defence. As one enters the precincts through the Bailey Guard Gate, the pathway leads to the scarred and riven front of the Residency house, surmounted by the shot-torn tower over which, through all the evil days,

Ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

The forethought of Lawrence had in some measure made preparation for the ordeal the garrison was to undergo. He had been accumulating provisions and ammunition, he had given attention to the water supply; he had set his engineers to erect defences and construct batteries, and, with over-tenderness for native holy places, he had done something toward opening out a fire-zone round the position. But when the investment commenced the defences were very insufficient and far from complete. In many places there was nothing really deserving the name of an obstacle. The artillery of the garrison, however, was not inadequate, consisting as it did of twenty-five guns, mostly guns of position, and of eleven mortars; against which the investing force had thirty-three pieces in battery. The garrison at the beginning of the siege was sixteen hundred and ninety-two strong, of whom nine hundred and twenty-seven were Europeans and seven hundred and sixty-five natives. During the eighty-seven days of siege up to the first relief, it lost in killed,[1] of Europeans three hundred and fifty and of natives one hundred and thirty-three; and of the latter two hundred and thirty deserted, making a total loss of seven hundred and thirteen. There remained, then, of the original garrison, when relieved by Havelock and Outram on September 25th, a total

[1] I presume the dead of sickness are included.

number of nine hundred and seventy-nine (inclusive of sick and wounded), of whom five hundred and seventy-seven were Europeans and four hundred and two were natives. The loss in officers had been forty-one military and two civil officers, and one assistant-chaplain.[1] Details regarding the number of the women and children who shared the fortunes of the siege are singularly confused. Colonel Malleson states that of ladies there were sixty-eight, and that of children there were sixty-six. It is not clear whether he means to include all females, or to exclude from his count those who did not come into the category of "ladies." Trotter gives the same figures as Malleson, but has "women" where Malleson has "ladies," and so seems to include all the female adults. But in his letter to General Havelock of August 16th Colonel Inglis writes: "I have upwards of one hundred and twenty sick and wounded, and at least two hundred and twenty wom ɹ and about two hundred and thirty children. Marshman, again, states that when the first Relief reached Lucknow, "the number of women and children in the Residency amounted to seven hundred." Outram, writing on October 2nd, says: "The sick and wounded, women and children, amount to upwards of one thousand." Gubbins bewails the trade losses sustained by the European merchants whose stocks suffered in the siege, and contributes exact statistics regarding the male persons of the garrison, but makes no mention of the number of women and children. Incidentally he remarks: "The chief sufferers from sickness were the children. Everything was against them. Since neither fresh air nor suitable food could be given them, the poor little

[1] The figures are Gubbins's.

creatures sickened and died in numbers. Some parents who had two or even three children in good health when the siege began, had not one left when it ended." Apparently Inglis's figures should be accepted, at least approximately.

The besiegers opened their artillery fire on July 1st. One of their first shells, fired from a howitzer lost at Chinhut, exploded in the exposed room of the Residency house in which Sir Henry Lawrence sat. He would not move into a less dangerous apartment, and on the following morning a second shell crashed into the room, exploded, and wounded him mortally. After two days of great agony he died, with his last accents summarising his career in the sentence he desired should be his sole epitaph: "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty." As was his steadfast wont he had done his duty by the garrison which thus early had lost him. It was Lawrence's provident forethought that alone made the defence of Lucknow a possibility; but for which, in all human certainty, the fate of the Lucknow garrison would have been that of the hapless people of Wheeler's entrenchment. In accordance with Lawrence's deathbed instructions Colonel Inglis of the Thirty-second regiment assumed the military command, held it with skill and credit to the end, and when the evacuation of the shattered Residency occurred, he, who had directed the long and staunch defence, bowed Outram out, and closed the gate of the Bailey Guard as he followed.

From that first day of July until September 25th shot and shell scarce ever ceased to rain on the lonely garrison. During that period four fierce assaults

in great force were made and were hurled back.* The passive defensive was by no means adhered to. Sortie was made on sortie, never without purpose, and seldom without its attainment. The enemy mined assiduously. Not less assiduous were our people in countermining, and subterranean fights occurred when gallery broke into gallery. In our military literature there is no more simply effective piece of writing than the modest and pathetic record of the defence officially presented by the soldier who commanded it.[1]

I can conscientiously declare my conviction [so runs Colonel Inglis's report], that few troops have ever undergone greater hardships. They have been exposed to a never-ceasing musketry fire and cannonade. They have experienced the alternate vicissitudes of extreme wet and of intense heat, and that, too, with very insufficient shelter from either, and in many places without any shelter at all. In addition to having had to repel real attacks, they have been exposed night and day to the hardly less harassing false alarms which the enemy constantly raised. . . . The whole of the officers and men have been on duty night and day during the eighty-seven days which the siege has lasted. . . . All ranks and all classes, civilians, officers, and soldiers, have borne an equally noble part in our labours. All have descended into the mines, all have together handled the shovel for the interment of the putrid bullock, and all, accoutred with musket and bayonet, have relieved each other on sentry without regard to the distinctions of rank, civil or military. If proof were wanting of the desperate nature of the struggle . . . I would point to the roofless and ruined houses, to the crumbled walls, to the exploded mines, to the open breaches, to the shattered and disabled guns and defences, and to the long and melancholy list of the brave and devoted officers and men who have fallen.

[1] Written, it is understood, by Mr., now Sir George E. W. Couper, Bart., K.C.S.I., C.B.

And the report tells of cholera, and fever, and small-pox, and dysentery, of the mortality among the women and children, of the "patient endurance and the Christian resignation evinced by the women of this garrison, in the struggle which has made many of them widows and their children fatherless." Every man, no matter how high souled and resolute, has his weak point. Colonel Inglis's weak point as chief of the Lucknow garrison was his undue nervousness on the subject of rations. In this matter he was an unquestionable alarmist, and some of his letters to Havelock harping on it one can sincerely wish had never been written.

The Ganges was rolling in swift and swollen volume, boats and boatmen were most difficult to procure in the scantiest numbers, and it was after a week of almost incredible difficulties overcome by the energy and perseverance of Tytler and his assistant Moorsom, that, on the evening of the 28th July Havelock's little army, with its stores and munitions, stood assembled at Mungulwar, a strong and elevated position six miles inland on the Oude side of the Ganges.

Perhaps in prosaic modern times no forlorner hope has ever gone forth than this handful of men. The task it was essaying was to fight its way through some forty-five miles of hostile territory, studded with strong places strongly held, and, as a final effort, to penetrate through the heart of a great hostile capital swarming with many thousand armed enemies, possessing a numerous artillery manned by skilled and resolute gunners trained by European officers. And this task was being undertaken by a force not fifteen hundred strong all told,

of whom not quite twelve hundred were Europeans. It was a force poorly equipped, possessing but two small troops of raw cavalry—mostly infantrymen selected by the General, put on horseback and incorporated with Barrow's little group of volunteers; its artillery consisting of ten small pieces inadequately manned and dragged by bullocks. The health of the little force was unsatisfactory. The Cawnpore episode of dissipation had already predisposed many a frame to cholera; and the stimulus which the hope of saving the women and children had imparted was now gone. In its place was a fixed gloomy crave for vengeance. The blaze of fierce wrath had gone down; but the red coal was aglow in the heart of every man, not to be dulled but by profuse shedding of blood.

The soldiers, ignorant of the obstacles, were confident of success. It may be questioned whether their leader, resolute as he was to strain every energy, shared the confidence of his men. In military phrase, he "showed a good front." After the battle of Cawnpore he had told the soldiers that he had confidence in the future if they but supported him by their efforts and if their discipline were equal to their valour. But to the Commander-in-Chief he used other terms. In writing to Sir Patrick the day before he moved, he said: "The chances of relieving Lucknow are hourly multiplying against us. . . . The difficulties of an advance to that capital are excessive. Communications . . . and information . . . convince me of the extreme delicacy and difficulty of any operation to relieve Colonel Inglis. It shall be attempted, however, at every risk." This is not the language of a man confident of a successful issue.

Silently and mechanically the little army formed up at daybreak of the 29th, and marched some three miles to near Onao. But sharp fighting had to precede the winning of Onao. A village lined either side of the road, a little distance in front of the entrance of the town. Before the village the enemy were in force, occupying a strong garden wall; the village itself was swarming with fully armed desperadoes. The position could not be turned because of the inundations on both sides; there remained but to force it by direct advance along the high road. The task was assigned to the Highlanders and the Madras Fusiliers—always staunch brethren in arms. They had formed for the advance when the order came to wait for the artillery. Meanwhile the sepoy fire struck down some half dozen of the Highlanders, the fusillade was not abating, and there were no signs of the guns. Colonel Hamilton rode off to appeal to the General. "Remove them out of range till the guns arrive," was the chief's instruction. "Pray, sir, let them go at the place and have done with it!" urged Hamilton, and the General gave permission. Then the Highlanders and the Lambs went pell-mell at the garden wall. A tearing fire met them as they ran forward. Jack Sparrow of the Scots was the first man on the wall; but he was down in an instant, with a bullet through his head and another in the breast. Tom Halliday of the Lambs was the second, and he too went back with a bayonet thrust through the throat. Others fell before the men in a body stormed the garden wall, and a rush on the village followed. It did not take long to teach the soldiers that those fierce and resolute men of Oude were very different antagonists

from the Poorbeah sepoys and flaccid Bengalees they had brushed out of their path on the other side of the Ganges. Every house in the village was loopholed, and seething full of fanatics maddened with *bhang*. Lieutenant Bogle led some of his men to attack the nearest house. As he burst open the door a native flew at his throat, and actually fastened his teeth in his jaw. Bogle smashed in his face with the hilt of his claymore and darted forward. He ran on a bayonet point. His men bore him out, then came back, carried the house with a rush, bayoneted its inmates and fired it. The flames spread right and left; the defenders of the contiguous houses fought like wild cats while they roasted. Each house in succession had to be stormed, and quarter was neither asked nor given. There was a two-gun battery at the head of the street, which fired steadily, served by the smart Oude gunners. The two leading regiments were up to the hilt in the house-to-house fighting, so the Sixty-fourth came up at the double; there was a miscellaneous rush through the cross fire from the loopholed village-houses, and the guns were taken. So presently was the village by dint of the extermination of its defenders.

The main body then marched through it, on to a piece of dry ground between it and the town of Onao, which lay a little to the right off the road. The enemy had made their stand at the village and Onao had not been held; but they had discerned their error and were visible in the distance moving down to occupy the place. It was all-important to hinder them; and the General rapidly pushed his troops forward on the road, leaving Onao on the right, until they reached an opportune oasis in the desolation of inundation. Here they were

between the enemy and the town, and were rapidly deployed, the guns in the centre and on the flanks, trained on the road to which the advancing foes were confined by the deep water on either side. The latter advanced in solid bulk, and with great show of resolution. Havelock interposed no hindrance. At length they halted and opened fire. Then Maude blazed into the throng of them with grape at point-blank. The smitten front recoiled, but the mass behind had still the forward impetus, and a frantic turbulence of confusion resulted. In the futile attempt at deployment, men and guns were alike engulfed. The dense body wavered, and then broke headlong to the rear. The British guns thundered after them; the skirmishers, wading to the waist, poured bullets into their flanks. But the sepoy cannon stood fast. The gunners of the Oude force, the finest native artillery in India, clung to their guns like bulldogs. Run they would not, and the Madras men shot them down as they fought round their beloved pieces to the last gasp. And so, with the capture of fifteen guns and the slaughter of about five hundred rebels, ended the combat of Onao. For lack of transport the captured guns had to be burst and abandoned; it was unfortunate that they were only imperfectly wrecked.

After a halt and a meal the force advanced six miles to the outskirts of Busseerutgunge, a walled town intersected by the high road; the entrance defended by a strong turreted gateway covered in rear by a tall loopholed house, and protected in front by a battery in an entrenchment. A simple frontal attack on defences so strong had a very forbidding aspect; so the General ordered his artillery to converge its fire on the gateway

defences, while the Sixty-fourth were despatched to the left on the errand of turning the town. At the moment when this movement had measurably progressed, and when the artillery preparation apparently had obtained good results, the Seventy-eighth and Madras Fusiliers were sent at the gateway, the Eighty-fourth and Sikhs being held in reserve. After a momentary check, the trench, battery, and gateway were carried with a rush, and the enemy were hurled back through the town and out of it, the tide of disorganised infantry, broken squadrons of cavalry, fugitive batteries, elephants, and bullocks rolling in wild confusion along the road beyond the town. Had the Sixty-fourth completed their prescribed turning movement, the defeat would have been signal. But that regiment had "hung" on the way, to afford another illustration of the axiom that the longer soldiers are allowed to look at arduous work in front of them the less they like it. Young Havelock dashed up to the laggard regiment with the message from his father: "If you don't go at the village I'll send men that will, and put an everlasting disgrace on you!" Whereupon a private soldier named Paddy Cavenagh, stung by the burning sense of shame, threw himself single-handed on the enemy, cursing his comrades with bitter Irish malisons as he sped, and was literally hacked to pieces fighting like a wild cat in the heart of a turmoil of enemies. The shedding of valiant Paddy's blood warmed that of his comrades, but their tardy valour did not avail to retrieve the opportunity their previous sluggishness had let slip. Havelock was wroth, and Havelock's wrath had a biting edge. There was a sentence in his order of the following day which

did not stimulate the wonted cheers on the Sixty-fourth's parade: "Some of you"— such were the incisive words—"fought yesterday as if the cholera had seized your minds as well as your bodies."

But the old chief was fonder of words of a different tenor. After the fight he was riding back from posting his pickets. The twilight was closing in, and the weary men of the Seventy-eighth and the Fusiliers had thrown themselves down in their tracks, littering the roadway as one may see on a country road at home a drove of recumbent cattle when the drovers have ceased to urge their charge forward. Havelock's way lay through this improvised bivouac. His horse stumbled over an outlying man who rolled aside with a curse. But the oath died on his lips as he looked up and saw through the increasing darkness the white moustache and bright eye. Springing up, he shouted—

"Make way for the General!"

From man to man the cry ran with a strange spasm of enthusiasm as the soldiers drew to either side, leaving a lane down the centre for their leader. His worn face lit up with a proud and pleased glow. Rising in his stirrups, he shouted in his mellow voice—

"You've done that right well to-day already, my lads!"

The genial words struck right to the hearts of those rough tired soldiers on the Busseerutgunge causeway. The crabbedest man in the grenadier company of the Seventy-eighth bared his head as he shouted, "God bless the General!" and the rugged prayer ran down the lines like a *feu de joie*, as the upright spare figure on the wiry horse disappeared into the gloom.

The consciousness of victory cheered the camp that

night in spite of the heavy losses of the day; eighty-eight had been killed and wounded, and nearly as many disabled by cholera, fatigue, and sun. But for the General there was no blitheness: and when on the morning of the 30th he looked the situation in the face in cold blood, he recognised how surcharged was it with complications. Onao and Busseerutgunge had used up one-sixth of his European fighting force, and one-third of his gun ammunition; he had accomplished but one-third of the distance between the Ganges and Lucknow. He might count on at least equal resistance along the other two-thirds. On this assumption, he would reach the outskirts of Lucknow with some six hundred bayonets and no gun ammunition; and would then have to fight his way through the city to the Residency. His sick and wounded already absorbed all the available carriage; there was not an empty *dhooly* in the camp. He was aware of a large force hovering on his left, which might at any moment strike him in flank and rear when he should be up to the hilt with the enemy in his front, and which was certain at all events to cut off his communication should he penetrate farther into the bowels of the hostile territory. Marshman says that he had received intelligence of the Dinapore mutiny, and had to take into his calculations the consequent complications in his rear and the inevitable detention of his anxiously expected reinforcements. But apart from that possible increment to his burden, he found in the overwhelmingly adverse conditions enumerated ample grounds for the reluctant resolution to fall back on Mungulwar, evacuate his sick and wounded to Cawnpore, and wait for substantial reinforcement and the replenishment of his ammunition

waggons. One realises with what a bitter pang he must have submitted to walk in this path of inexorable duty. There was every incentive to shut his eyes to that duty and to elect for recklessness. A weaker man would have yielded to the temptation; Havelock, as beseemed the true soldier and the unselfish man, nobly put it from him. Next day he marched his force back to Mungulwar.

One must feel for him from the heart as he saw, when the soldiers paraded next morning, that the gallant fellows fell in with their faces, as a matter of course, toward Lucknow; and as he listened to the not loud but deep murmur that ran through the ranks when the retreat became apparent. The column tramped back to Mungulwar in a dogged gloom. On the down-hearted men the cholera took a great grip. There could hardly have been recognised in the dispirited, dejected regiments that slouched into the old position at Mungulwar, the troops who on the day before but one, full of dash and buoyant with enthusiasm, had fought almost from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same.

From Mungulwar on the 31st Havelock informed Neill by letter of his retreat and the reasons which had actuated it. Neill replied next day in a letter of a tone surely as dictatorial, insolent, and insubordinate, as ever an inferior officer ventured to use to his superior. This is strong language; what of the letter there is room to quote will justify it. Neill wrote:

I deeply regret that you have fallen back one foot. The effect on our prestige is very bad indeed. . . . All manner of reports are rife in the city—that you had returned to get more guns, having lost all you took away with you.

In fact the belief among all is, that you have been defeated and forced back. It has been most unfortunate your not bringing back any of the guns captured from the enemy. The natives will not believe that you captured one. The effect of your retrograde movement will be very injurious to our cause everywhere. . . . You talk of advancing as soon as reinforcements reach you. You require a battery and a thousand European infantry. . . . (The guns) will detain you five or six days. As for the infantry they are not to be had, and if you wait for them Lucknow will follow the fate of Cawnpore. . . . You ought not to remain a day where you are. . . . You ought to advance again, and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow. . . . Return here sharp, for there is much to be done between this and Agra and Delhi.

Anglo-Indian authors whom one must respect—such men as Kaye, Malleson, and Trotter—permit themselves the most fervent expressions in regard to Neill's virtues and prowess. Here are a few rapturous expressions from Malleson: "Neill was a very remarkable man. By the law of desert he stands in the very front rank of those to whom the Indian Mutiny gave distinction. It is impossible to put any one above him. Not only did he succeed in everything he undertook, but he succeeded when the cases were all but desperate." And again: "In the early days of the Mutiny, when every one from highest to lowest seemed utterly abroad, Neill suddenly appeared on the scene, and by his prompt decision and quick energy had in a moment stayed the plague." This is hero-worship with a vengeance. I too am a hero-worshipper; but I make it a rule to recognise the godhead before I go down on my knees. What were Neill's exploits? He hurried up country: drove the *budmash* population out of Allahabad and its vicinity

promptly and vigorously; he was active and successful in gathering in the supplies which enabled Renaud's and Havelock's columns to move thence; he brought reinforcements up to Havelock in Cawnpore smartly and opportunely; he straightened out the camp at Cawnpore after Havelock crossed into Oude, put down plundering, and introduced order into the city and bazaars; and he was killed when bravely leading his brigade through the streets of Lucknow. "Neill," writes Colonel Malleson, "only required opportunity to become great." Possibly; but the opportunity not occurring, the above is a fair summary of the good work he did. He most grievously mismanaged the disarmament of the Benares sepoys. At Allahabad he went behind his superior officer on the spot in telegraphing direct to the Commander-in-Chief urgent expostulations against Havelock's orders to Renaud that the latter should halt. Havelock had not marched out of Allahabad five days when Neill, apprehensive of an attack on his fortress, was importuning him to send back the Sikhs and the pensioner-gunners. I decline to sicken the reader with the horrible details of his treatment of natives when in command at Cawnpore; the most callous must shudder at his deliberate extinction of the hope of heaven in the hearts of fellow-creatures howsoever atrocious their crimes. The day after he took over the Cawnpore command he telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief "All well here. I will hold my own against any odds"; and in his journal five days later occurs the entry, "If the Forty-second (mutineers) are within reach I will deal them a blow that will astound them." These be "brave 'orts." Next day he

wrote to Havelock the letter I have quoted from. Three days later, when Havelock was on the eve of starting on his second attempt for Lucknow, Neill, averring that there was a threatening gathering of insurgents at Bithoor, entreated that Havelock should disperse the same before commencing his march; a diversion and delay into which the latter emphatically declined to be beguiled. "When I finally advanced, resolving if possible to win," so Havelock wrote to Sir Patrick Grant, "General Neill sent me the most pressing representations regarding his danger from the Saugor troops"—the mutinous Forty-second whom he was to "astound." And it was the writer of the truculent letter of July 31st who eighteen days later, the conditions meanwhile not having very materially changed, telegraphed thus to the Commander-in-Chief: "Nothing can be done toward Lucknow from here until reinforced. An advance now with reduced numbers, and those seriously weakened from exposure and fatigue, would be madness."

Havelock was not the man to accept tamely his subordinate's slap in the face. He answered Neill's letter in terms of merited rebuke. Characterising it as "the most extraordinary letter he had ever received," he thus continued:

> There must be an end to these proceedings at once. I wrote to you confidentially on the state of affairs. You send me back a letter of censure of my measures, reproof and advice for the future. I do not want and will not receive any of them from an officer under my command, be his experience what it may. Understand this distinctly, and that a consideration of the obstruction that would arise to the public service at this moment alone prevents me from taking the stronger step of placing you under arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation.

On his return to Mungulwar Havelock had telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief: "I am reduced to thirteen hundred and sixty-four rank and file;[1] could not therefore move on Lucknow with any prospect of success. If I am speedily reinforced by one thousand more European infantry and Olpherts's battery complete, might resume march toward Lucknow." Yet on August 4th he recommenced his advance. All the conditions were more adverse than when his consideration of them at Busseerutgunge had enforced his retirement. Cawnpore was more seriously threatened. The Dinapore mutiny had disturbed his communications down country, and arrested indefinitely the flow of reinforcements. Cholera had been playing havoc among his troops at Mungulwar. The edge of their dash had worn off—they were not yet, in Tytler's phrase, "cowed by the numbers opposed to them and the constant fighting," but the retirement had taken the heart out of them. The only additions to his strength were Olpherts's half battery, two 24-pounders, and a company of the Eighty-fourth, so that all told his marching-out strength was barely fourteen hundred, an inferior force in numbers as in *morale* to that which he had led out from Mungulwar a week before. And this inferior force he was conducting against an enemy inspirited by his previous retirement.

What impelled Havelock to undertake this second attempt, branded as it was with the birthmark of certain failure? I can discern no other incentive than the malign influence of Neill's letter operating, perhaps unconsciously, on a high-strung temperament, made the more sensitive by disappointment following on an inspiriting

[1] This number included his Sikhs.

sequence of brilliant successes. Be this as it may, Havelock went forth a second time on the afternoon of August 4th. The first advance had been a very forlorn hope; this one differed in that it was forlorn of any hope. On the morning of the 5th he found himself again in front of Busseerutgunge. His troops fought surprisingly well, and the place was forced; but the enemy carried off their artillery, and falling leisurely back into another fortified position, showed there a bold front.[1] The casualties were light, but men were dying fast of cholera, and the halt after the fighting was mainly spent in digging graves for its victims. Tidings had arrived of the revolt of the Gwalior Contingent, and of its advance to within a few marches of Cawnpore.

It is difficult to imagine that so experienced a soldier as Havelock should not have recognised the futility of this second movement before it was engaged in; it is impossible to believe that now, with the enemy he had defeated gathered again menacingly in his front, and those of his troops not writhing in the throes of cholera busied in interring those who had died of it, he was not convinced of its utter failure. He was not a "council of war" general, else he would not have done so much fighting. But he was not wholly self-centred. "The only three staff-officers in my force," to use his own words, "whom I ever consult confidentially, but in whom I entirely confide," were Tytler his Quartermaster-General, Crommelin his chief Engineer, and his son who served as his Adjutant-General. These officers he called together

[1] Tytler's summary of the day's work was: "The whole transaction was most unsatisfactory, only two small guns, formerly captured by us, and as we thought destroyed, being taken."

after the action, and—so he informed the Commander-in-Chief—"they unanimously were of opinion that an advance on Lucknow must involve the loss of the force." In using the word "unanimously" which his biographers have naturally adopted, Havelock strained a point. He ignored the dissent of his vehement and impulsive son. That officer thus describes the incident: "The fact is that I voted for advancing at all hazards. Tytler and Crommelin, Tytler especially, took me to task severely about this, saying that I was prepared to sacrifice the whole force, and the interests of British India, rather than compromise my father's and my own reputation by a retreat. Tytler particularly urged: 'You must recollect that this is more than a personal question. However galling it is to the General and you to retire, you must have regard to the interests of the Government.' Crommelin agreed with him strongly, and my father then said, 'I agree with Tytler.'"

So once again the little force trudged back to Mungulwar, whence Havelock immediately telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief: "I must prepare your Excellency for my abandonment, with great grief and reluctance, of the hope of relieving Lucknow." He expressed at the same time his intention of remaining to the last moment in the Mungulwar position, hoping against hope for an opening which would enable him to be of some service to the beleaguered garrison. But Neill's cry of "wolf" from Cawnpore became more and more loud, so that Havelock had to believe that there must be something in it, and felt constrained to abandon Mungulwar and recross the Ganges. The 11th had been appointed for that task, when he

learned that a large hostile force was again at Busseerutgunge, in attitude to harass him in the act of crossing. To avert this, and that he might quit Oude with victory on his banners, he marched to near Busseerutgunge yet a third time, gained a third success to which the Highlanders and Madras Fusiliers chiefly contributed, captured two guns which he turned on the enemy, and sent them whirling in rout up the road, too battered to rally in time to molest him while crossing the river. At the cost of thirty of his own people killed and wounded two hundred of the enemy had gone down. On August 13th, the morning after the fight, he retraced his steps; and by nightfall of the following day without a single casualty the whole force was across the river in Cawnpore.

The cholera, bad enough while the force had been in the field, raged yet more fiercely among the worn soldiers after their return to Cawnpore. On the 15th August there were ten cases in one regiment; of fourteen hundred British soldiers three hundred and thirty-five lay disabled by sickness or wounds. The chief surgeon reported that if the ratio of casualties continued, in six weeks there would be no fighting men left; and he urgently recommended repose. But no repose was possible while four thousand mutinous sepoys were gathered ominously at Bithoor, not sixteen miles from the city. On the errand of dealing with them Havelock marched out before daybreak on the 16th. He found the sepoys of five infantry regiments, and the *sowars* of two cavalry regiments, with a couple of guns and a number of the Nana's retainers occupying a strong defensive position on the terrain in front of the Nana's palace. The infantry were mostly in detached

entrenchments in the midst of high standing crops, and there were strong supports in a couple of entrenched villages in rear of the flanks. Utilising his superiority in artillery—he had fourteen guns, some of them of large calibre—the General made his men lie down while he cannonaded the sepoy position, supplementing the gun fire by a steady fusillade from Enfield rifles. But the artillery projectiles had little effect on the earthworks, and he had to send forward his infantry. Everywhere the enemy made a strenuous resistance; the Madras Fusiliers on the extreme right were opposed at close quarters by the mutinous sepoys of the Forty-second, bayonets were actually crossed, and sixty of the sepoys had fallen before the Madras men prevailed. Under stress of the bayonet the enemy fell back into the villages, and held them in the face of a renewed artillery fire. Their two guns were so staunchly served that Havelock's infantry had to be sent at them, and the guns and villages were taken only after a stubborn fight. The enemy's defeat was complete, with a loss of over two hundred and fifty killed and wounded; the British loss was heavy—between fifty and sixty killed and wounded, besides twelve slain by the sun, which was also very deadly on the return march on the following day.

On his return to Cawnpore Havelock read in the *Gazette* of August 5th, the appointment of Major-General Sir James Outram to the "military command of the united Dinapore and Cawnpore Divisions," and therefore of his own constructive supersession by that officer. I use the term "constructive supersession," because Havelock did not hold, nor ever had held, the command of "the Cawnpore division," but was simply a Brigadier-

General commanding a field force, with a very elastic commission. His rank did not entitle him to the command of a territorial division, such as was the Cawnpore division when the Mutiny broke out, with the Oude brigade command subordinate to it. Wheeler, the Major-General commanding the division, had perished, and after his death there was a temporary hiatus in the command; but that dislocation did not in principle impair the military order of things. As a consequence of Havelock's brilliant exertions, and with the advent of some reinforcements and the assurance of more, the situation was improving so far as in their opinion to warrant the authorities in filling up the vacant divisional command; the more especially as they had at disposal in Outram an officer of the requisite rank and of proved distinguished capacity both as a soldier and as a civilian administrator conversant with the political conditions of Oude, that province of the Cawnpore divisional command which was now to be the chief theatre of fighting and of possible negotiation. Major-General Outram was simply the successor of Major-General Wheeler in the divisional command of a region wherein was operating the brigade which Brigadier-General Havelock commanded, and which he was still to continue to command; it being at such a time not only important but indispensable that the official who was the Chief Commissioner of Oude should wield the chief military authority in and about his province. Hence there was in Outram's appointment no specific or technical supersession of Havelock, although it must be admitted that it carried a virtual supersession. It may have been because of the former circumstance, or it may have been through

an oversight in the departmental confusion in Calcutta, that no intimation of Outram's appointment was sent to Havelock, and that he should have learnt it only from the *Gazette*. There certainly is no trace of intentional slight or discourtesy toward him in the communications that reached him from his official superiors. On the contrary, their language is that of unstinted commendation of his merits and full approval of his every act.

One reads in histories and biographies vehement vituperation of Havelock's supersession. The old soldier himself knew too well in what risk, in virtue of what may be called the military nature of things, the officer of lower rank habitually lives of being superseded by the officer of higher rank, to feel aggrieved by the commission assigned to Outram. That he suffered disappointment may be assumed; but even of that feeling he gives no sign, whether in public correspondence or in any private letters that have been printed. Supersession in virtue of higher rank or seniority, irrespective of proved merit, is of everyday experience. Havelock himself, fifteen years earlier, had seen the chief of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad absorbed into Pollock's command, and had he lived twelve years longer, would have become aware of the supersession of the ever victorious Roberts by Sir Donald Stewart. In the moment of his Vimiera victory Sir Arthur Wellesley was superseded twice over. During the Franco-German war Werder was doing brilliant service in Eastern France, when old Manteuffel came down with the Seventh Army Corps and ranked him in the superior command. But indeed instances might be cited indefinitely. Almost in the very hour of Outram's appointment Sir Colin Campbell superseded

Sir Patrick Grant in the Commandership-in-Chief. Havelock himself had superseded Neill. A man of another nature than Havelock, Neill chafed under the supersession, and was not loyal to the man who had come in above him. Neill's chief laudator acknowledges that "he had felt deeply his supersession by Havelock and he disliked him." Havelock, better disciplined as higher natured, was prompt to welcome his old comrade, and ardent in preparation for his arrival.

But meanwhile he was to fall into a serious error of judgment. After the battle of Cawnpore he had resolved to recommend his son for the Victoria Cross because of his conduct in a particular phase of that action. The son acted with praiseworthy discretion. "Lieutenant Havelock, fearing that his father might be suspected of partiality, prevailed on him to suppress the telegram which he had prepared for the Commander-in-Chief."[1] That gallant young officer doubtless had the justifiable confidence of finding or making subsequent opportunities for earning the coveted distinction, which no suggestion of partiality nor any intrinsic complication could affect. After the General's return from Bithoor he forwarded a recommendation for the Cross in favour of another officer, and without the knowledge of his son, who was not aware of the circumstance until after his father's death, he added in the same telegram a similar recommendation in favour of Lieutenant Havelock, describing the act which he regarded as meriting the honour in the following terms:

In the combat at Cawnpore he was my aide-de-camp. The Sixty-fourth regiment had been much under artillery fire, from

[1] Marshman, p. 362.

which it had severely suffered. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when, perceiving that the enemy had brought out their last reserved gun, a 24-pounder, and were rallying around it, I called up the regiment to rise and advance. Without any other word from me, Lieutenant Havelock placed himself on his horse in front of the centre of the Sixty-fourth, opposite the muzzle of the gun. Major Stirling, commanding the regiment, was in front dismounted; but the Lieutenant continued to move steadily on at a foot pace on his horse. The gun discharged shot, till the troops were within a short distance, when they fired grape. In went the corps, led by the Lieutenant, who still steered steadily on the gun's muzzle, until it was mastered by a rush of the Sixty-fourth.

Several very delicate questions are suggested by this narrative, taken in conection with other comments by General Havelock on the same incident. If the regiment was being adequately led by its own officers on this service of exceptional danger, Lieutenant Havelock's interposition, uninvited by the officer commanding, was needless and superfluous, indeed from the point of view of the regiment, a liberty. The General was on the spot; in position for judging of the manner in which its officers were engaging in the conduct of the regiment. Lieutenant Havelock, the General testifies, placed himself at its head without any suggestion from him. The fair inference is that the General did not notice any deficiency in the regimental leadership demanding extraneous stimulus. If it be suggested that such deficiency may have manifested itself after the regiment was beyond close view of the General, the remark occurs that Lieutenant Havelock had taken post in advance of a manifestation which he could not well have foreseen. If it was the

case that the regimental officers were quite equal to their duties, and that therefore Lieutenant Havelock's self-tendered services were superfluous, it is clear that such services, however much gallantry that officer unquestionably did evince, could not entitle him to the Victoria Cross since they contributed to no useful purpose. If this is not so, then it follows that in every action any aide-de-camp who may for the moment have nothing particular to do, and who survives the performance, can earn the Cross by riding into fire in front of the nearest advancing regiment.

On the other hand, if the regimental leading of the Sixty-fourth was from the outset and throughout feeble, confused, and destitute of spirit, Lieutenant Havelock's prompt spontaneous interposition was most opportune, his retention of his position at its head of signal value, and his whole conduct deserving of the Victoria Cross, the ratio of the need for his display of gallantry inferentially constituting the measure of default in the regimental officerhood.

It may be said at once, then, that General Havelock's recommendation of Lieutenant Havelock for the Victoria Cross involved the inefficiency, to his mind, of the regimental leadership; no other construction can be found in the terms of the commendatory recital quoted. But the General had bestowed unreserved and unstinted praise on the Sixty-fourth for its conduct in this advance. The language of his despatch may be referred to on page 134. In his Order he thus addressed the force as a whole, making no exceptions: "Soldiers! your General is satisfied and more than satisfied with you. He has never seen steadier or more devoted troops;" and his specific

adjuration to the Sixty-fourth ended thus: "Your fire was reserved till you saw the colour of your enemies' moustachios—this gave us the victory." And further he successfully recommended for promotion the officer commanding the Sixty-fourth; so testifying to leader as well as to led.

On a subsequent page will be found recorded that most brilliant and heroic deed of valour performed by Lieutenant Havelock at the Charbagh bridge, which evoked from Outram the importunity that General Havelock would accept his recommendation of that officer for the Cross, and his regret should "a morbidly selfish delicacy," withhold the reward "to which he has so unmistakably established a first claim." General Havelock accordingly recommended his son, and also Captain Maude. The Victoria Cross was conferred on Lieutenant Havelock in terms of his father's recommendation because of his conduct at Cawnpore. As might have been expected, when the *Gazette* reached India the officers of the Sixty-fourth took the matter up very warmly, justly feeling that the recommendation and its terms reflected on them. They forwarded a complaint on the subject to Sir Colin Campbell, then Commander-in-Chief in India. Sir Colin's comments were strong but just; they are eminently worthy the attention of every commanding officer and of every staff-officer. When the *Gazette* appeared containing the Lucknow honours recommended by General Havelock, it became apparent that while his recommendation of Maude had been honoured, that in favour of Lieutenant Havelock had been disregarded. Had the General been alive he could not but have felt the omission; but it may be assumed that the significance

of it was meant to be general rather than personal. A gallant man's name should be most closely associated with his most gallant deed; and, but for his father's affectionate error, Lieutenant Havelock's cool serviceable heroism at the Charbagh bridge would have been the act of valour which gained him his Victoria Cross.

On the day of his return from Bithoor, the General published the last order of the day that was to emanate from his pen. As a fair specimen of his style in the composition of this sort of lucubration, in which he was the unconscious pioneer of a more modern school, it may be worth while to quote the order in full :

The Brigadier-General congratulates his troops on the result of their exertions in the combat of yesterday. The enemy were driven with the loss of two hundred and fifty killed and wounded, from one of the strongest positions in India, which they obstinately defended. They were the flower of the mutinous soldiery, flushed with the successful defection of Saugor and Fyzabad, yet they stood only one short hour against a handful of soldiers of the State, whose ranks had been thinned by sickness and the sword. May the hopes of treachery and rebellion be ever thus blasted! And if conquest can now be attained under the most trying circumstances, what will be the triumph and retribution of the time when the armies from China, from the Cape, and from England shall sweep through the land! Soldiers! in that moment your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country. You will be acknowledged to have been the stay and prop of British India in the time of her severest trial.

It must be admitted that whether by virtue of his magniloquent proclamations or in blunt disregard of them, the soldiers whom Havelock commanded had fought throughout the campaign now ended with splen-

did valour and staunchness. He could look back on an unbroken series of successes. Between July 12th and August 16th, both days inclusive—a period of thirty-six days—he had engaged in two pitched battles and seven more or less stubborn combats, and been uniformly successful, in every instance save one conclusively so. The record of few commanders can show so full and so close a sequence of unchequered victory.

The month that elapsed between the battle of Bithoor and the arrival at Cawnpore of Sir James Outram, was for Havelock and his force a period of comparative quiescence. The ravages of cholera were gradually mitigated, and presently he was able to send back to Allahabad a sick convoy of two hundred and forty invalids. He had his anxieties ; the revolted Gwalior Contingent was looming in the distance in one direction ; in another and not so distant, he knew of large forces assembling at Furruckabad. He wrote to Sir Colin Campbell that were he reinforced to a minimum strength of two thousand he could defeat those aggregations in detail. In his urgency for reinforcements in order that he might be doing something, he permitted himself to write a strange thing : "If," he said, "reinforcements cannot be sent me, I see no alternative but abandoning for the time the advantages I have gained in this part of India, and retiring on Allahabad." It is indeed passing strange to find his refrainment from this step applauded by certain encomiasts as not less admirable and meritorious than his conduct in the field. The expression of intention may have been a *brutum fulmen*, emitted in the burning anxety for reinforcements. Even on this construction, Havelock did himself grave

injustice; had he abandoned Cawnpore his reputation would have suffered. Cawnpore was the *point d'appui* of the whole region between Allahabad and Agra; for the time its retention in our hands was of more importance in a military sense than the relief of Lucknow. "No alternative"! He had but to look across the Ganges to Lucknow to find his alternative in the conduct of its staunch garrison. But a few days earlier he had written to Inglis: "Hold out to the last; when further defence becomes impossible cut your way out to Cawnpore." It was for him to practise what he preached—incumbent on him all the more in his easier conditions. Inglis was holding the fort with some five hundred habile Europeans. Havelock's able-bodied strength in European soldiers was never under eight hundred, with a well fortified position into which to fall back if hard pressed. Inglis must have smiled bitterly at the instruction to cut his way out, hampered as he was with some three hundred sick and wounded, and with some four hundred and fifty women and children. It was Havelock's duty, as it was Inglis's duty, to hold his post while tenable; and should the time have come for him to cut his way out, that recourse would have remained to him unencumbered by woman or child. But he could have relied on being relieved before things had come to that pass with him. It was fortunate, then, that he did not carry out the retirement which he averred to be compulsory. Reinforcements did not reach him until a month later; meanwhile he remained in Cawnpore wholly unmolested.

CHAPTER VII

LUCKNOW AND THE MANGO-TREE

OUTRAM arrived at Cawnpore at dusk on September 15th. Havelock and he met with great cordiality. They were old comrades of peace-time and of war-time. Havelock's opinion of Outram had been illustrated in his emphatic representation to General Anson that Outram was the man of all men for the command of the Persian expedition. What Outram thought of Havelock had been evinced in his requisition of the latter as one of his divisional commanders. They had parted four months before on the banks of the Euphrates, at the close of a campaign in which success had been achieved with little loss and without severe exertion; they were reunited now on the threshold of an enterprise which promised to be both bloody and arduous. On the morning after Outram's arrival was published his famous order, so full of self-abnegating chivalry, in which he waived his superior military rank, and left the command in the hands of Havelock until the relief of Lucknow should have been accomplished. It is due to the memory both of Outram and of Havelock that the terms of this order should be set out in all their unique generosity. It ran thus:

The important duty of relieving the garrison of Lucknow had been first entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to that distinguished officer, and to the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which Brigadier-General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and gloriously fought, will now under the blessing of Providence be accomplished. The Major-General therefore in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deed of arms achieved by Brigadier-General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank in favour of that officer on this occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to Brigadier-General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow the Major-General will resume his position at the head of the forces.

Havelock thus made his grateful and modest acknowledgments: "Brigadier-General Havelock, in making known to the column the kind and generous determination of Major-General Outram to leave to it the task of relieving Lucknow and of rescuing its gallant and enduring garrison, has only to express his hope that the troops will strive, by their exemplary and gallant conduct in the field, to justify the confidence thus reposed in them."

The little army which Havelock commanded and in which Outram rode as a volunteer, numbered three thousand one hundred and seventy-nine soldiers all told. It was constituted and composed as follows:

The First Infantry Brigade was commanded by Neill, and consisted of his own regiment the First Madras Fusiliers, the Fifth (Northumberland) Fusiliers, and the Eighty-fourth with two companies of the Sixty-fourth attached. Colonel Hamilton of the Seventy-eighth, with

the rank of Brigadier, commanded the Second Infantry Brigade; made up of his own regiment, the Ninetieth Light Infantry, and Brasyer's Sikhs. The Artillery Brigade consisted of Maude's battery, Olpherts's battery, and Eyre's battery of 18-pounders; Major Cooper in command of the whole. Barrow was the Cavalry Chief, having under him his own horsemen, and Lieutenant Johnson's Irregular Cavalrymen (Native). Captain Crommelin was Chief Engineer.[1] Havelock's staff consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser Tytler, Quartermaster-General, whose assistants were Captain Maycock and Lieutenant Moorsom; of his son Lieutenant Henry M. Havelock, Adjutant-General: and of his aides-de-camp Lieutenants Charles Havelock and Hargood. The garrison left behind to hold Cawnpore consisted of headquarters of the Sixty-fourth and details of convalescents, in all some four hundred men, under the command of Colonel Wilson of the Sixty-fourth.

Crommelin's floating bridge was laid with so great expedition that it was ready on the 19th; and on that day the column crossed to the Oude bank, from which the enemy were driven after a half-hearted resistance. Next day Eyre's heavy cannon, which had been covering the crossing, came over, and in the early morning of September 20th the column began its advance in a dismal deluge of rain.

[1] The details of the force were as follows—

European Infantry	2388
,, Volunteer Cavalry . .	109
,, Artillery	282
Sikh Infantry	341
Native Irregular Cavalry . . .	59
	3179

The enemy were found massed in considerable force in a strong position before the village of Mungulwar. Havelock, ever partial to a flank movement, took ground to the left, and while his artillery was silencing the fire of the enemy's guns he pushed the head of his infantry column through the swamps round their right toward their rear. A well-timed advance against their front consummated their discomfiture, and they fled in precipitate rout. Barrow's horsemen had been riding in advance of the turning column, and took up the pursuit with ardent vigour, Outram and Barrow galloping at their head. Outram, in the temporary character of a cavalry volunteer, developed an eccentricity in the choice of his weapon. He wore a sword, but he never drew it. His arm was a stout gold-topped malacca cane, which he was wont to wave about his head in a demonstrative fashion, putting it to purposeful use as a *baculum* on Pandy heads and backs when opportunity served. He rode a gigantic Australian horse which had a clumsy bison-like manner of galloping, but withal such a turn of speed that the square-shouldered compact man on its back was ever well out in the forefront of the rush. Close behind him came Barrow, unflinching in his set faith that there was nothing, from breaking a square to storming a fortress, that well-led cavalry could not accomplish. In loose order the squadron galloped on behind their leaders, a trooper now and then momentarily checking his speed to sabre a fugitive skulking in the long grass. "Close up and take order!" was the command as a turn in the road disclosed right ahead a dense body of rallied sepoys. In upon them dashed the horsemen, cutting fiercely as they pressed

through the mass, Outram's malacca in full play. It was in this hand-to-hand fighting that a trooper captured the colours of a revolted sepoy regiment, severing at the wrist the hand of the native soldier who carried it. Pursued and pursuers swept intermingled along the road to near Busseerutgunge, in front of which two guns came into action from behind an entrenchment, firing alike on friend and foe. Barrow recognised an opportunity to support his axiom. Hastily forming a front rank, he rode straight at the guns. Taking his horse hard by the head, he crammed it at the earthwork and lit on the further side among the sepoy gunners. His followers were not all so dexterous, but enough of them somehow got into the position to kill the gunners and capture the guns. Continuing their advance, the cavalry rode through Busseerutgunge, well remembered by Havelock's old hands as the scene of three stubborn fights, and halted beyond at the great *serai*. It was not until the afternoon that, sodden with the continuous rain, the wearied infantry arrived, the earliest comers of whom found quarters in the *serai*; the rearward people had to put up with a comfortless bivouac.

The second day's march, which was quite unopposed, brought the column to Bunnee on the Sye, where the unexpected discovery was made that the retreating mutineers had not destroyed the bridge over that unfordable stream. Its further bank presented the strongest position between the Ganges and Lucknow, and it was studded with well-constructed battery emplacements, but those were empty and the guns had been thrown into the river. Toward the end of the march there broke upon the ears of the advancing soldiers the constant dull booming of the

guns in Lucknow, and the step of the leg-weary and footsore grew brisker at the sound as the ranks mechanically closed up. When the halting-ground was reached Havelock fired a royal salute, in the hope that as he heard the Lucknow artillery, so the sound of the cannon fired by their countrymen marching to succour them might reach the Residency and cheer the hearts of its garrison; but the wind set the wrong way—the distance was sixteen miles—and it turned out that the chief's kindly intention was not gratified. At noon on the 23rd the column had marched over ten miles without opposition; and the soldiers, panting for a fight, were grumbling at the disappointment. But their leaders had the confident expectation that the day's march was not to have a peaceful ending. And presently the cavalry, who were in advance, became spectators of an interesting scene. From a slight eminence the beautiful grounds of the Alumbagh, with its fine palace and park-like environs, met the eyes of the scouting troopers. The scenery was charming in the extreme, but there was a feature of it which violated the tranquillity of its beauty. Right athwart the front, its centre on high ground, its left resting on the Alumbagh, and its right behind a swamp, stretched the long line of the hostile array. At a signal from the scouts Tytler galloped to the front, the column meanwhile halting. After a keen survey he rode back to report to his chief the enemy's dispositions, and that, including the cavalry force on their right, he estimated their strength at little under twelve thousand men. Tytler had bidden the cavalry fall back, so as to escape needless exposure to the fire of two guns which had got their range.

Havelock's dispositions were quickly made. The column had been marching right in front. He reversed the order, bringing up the second brigade which, while the first halted for the time, Hamilton led away to the left front, the route lying through deep ditches, through swamps, and over heavy ground. Eyre's heavy battery was brought up along the road and opened on the enemy, to crush the fire from guns which had come into action in some *topes* in advance of their position, and the first shot from which had struck down three officers of the Ninetieth Regiment. Olpherts was despatched toward the left front to cover the movement of the second brigade. At a stretching gallop, with some volunteer cavalry in front of it, the horse battery dashed up the road past the halted first brigade, which cheered loudly as the cannon swept by, Neill waving his cap and leading the cheering. On the left of the road there was a great deep trench full of water, which had somehow to be crossed. Led by Barrow the cavalry escort plunged in and scrambled through, and then halted to watch how Olpherts would conquer the obstacle. "Hellfire Jack" was quite equal to the occasion, and his men were as reckless as himself. With no abatement of speed the guns were galloped into the great trough. For a moment there was chaos—a wild medley of detachments, drivers, guns, struggling horses, and splashing water; and then the guns were out on the further side, nobody and nothing the worse for the scramble, all hands on the alert to obey Olpherts's stentorian shout, "Forward at a gallop!" On our left, which had been extended so as to overlap the enemy's right, the marching and fighting was done in knee-deep water. Outflanked on

their right, and their centre and left crushed by the fire of Eyre's heavy guns, the rebel army began to break. But there obstinately remained in action on the road one of their guns, which was admirably served by the well-trained gunners of the Oude force, and whose fire had bowled over several of Johnson's Irregular horsemen. Jack Johnson was an extremely practical young man. With a dozen of his troopers at his back he galloped up the road a good thousand yards out to the front, rode straight on the obnoxious gun, sabred the gunners, pitched the ammunition into the ditch and the gun after the ammunition, and then cantered quietly back till he met the main body on its advance. In all this campaign there was no pluckier action.

The right and centre of the enemy were routed, but the enclosed space of the Alumbagh was still held, and two guns withdrawn from the open field were firing briskly from embrasures in its wall. By Havelock's order Neill advanced a wing of the Fifth Fusiliers to silence those and clear the enclosure. As the Fusiliers drew near the guns ceased to give fire. The Northumberland men stormed the wall and swarmed in through the embrasures, to find a fierce fight raging around the pieces. Captain Burton of the Seventy-eighth had carried with his company the main gate of the Alumbagh enclosure, rushed in, and taken in reverse the men at the guns and the supporting sepoy infantrymen; the Highlanders were arguing the point with them very peremptorily, when the Fusiliers came in and struck into the discussion. Ten minutes later there was not a native in the Alumbagh. Barrow and Outram led the horsemen in pursuit of the flying enemy, and the chase was continued

nearly to the Yellow House, near the Charbagh bridge. Outram in his malacca-practice was singularly reckless of himself; and twice in the course of the day his life had been saved by young Havelock. As he was returning from this last pursuit a despatch was handed him. His face flushed as he read the contents, and then he galloped off to Havelock with the news. Presently the troops were formed in a rough square, and in the pelting rain Outram bared his head as in ringing accents he told the glad tidings that Delhi was once more in British hands. The cheering was so loud that it might almost have reached the Residency, and it caused the enemy to open a hot artillery fire, which they maintained all night, and indeed throughout the next day and the subsequent night. No tents were up, no food was forthcoming, and the Delhi news was needed to put heart into the weary hungry men in their drenching bivouac. There was one other comfort; the grog arrived, and at Neill's sensible suggestion an extra ration was served out. The General gave himself little rest, devoting himself assiduously to such dispositions as might best repel a night attack.

But for a skirmish in the morning there was no fighting on the following day, the 24th, which was devoted to such rest as the constant fire from the enemy's guns allowed, and to the completion of the arrangements for the morrow's advance to the Residency. The short delay was amply permissible, since a letter from Colonel Inglis, dated September 16th, and brought to Havelock on the 19th by the faithful Ungud, did not convey that the Lucknow garrison were in desperate straits. It was not until the 24th that the

route to be taken in making for the Residency was settled. Havelock's original scheme was full of promise. He had brought up canal boats from Cawnpore intending to bridge the Goomtee, and fetching a compass by its left bank to the north-west of the city, to have seized the bridges which were in close proximity to the Residency position, so that he would have at once comparatively unhindered access thereto, and attain the advantage of being on the enemy's communications while not altogether forfeiting his own. This circuit, wholly through open country, he regarded as infinitely preferable to an advance by a complicated route through the streets of a great city seething full of armed enemies. And should the withdrawal of the Residency garrison appear practicable, he advocated the same route for the conduct of that operation. If Sir Colin Campbell had adopted Havelock's scheme of approach in the second relief operations his force would have been saved its heavy losses. Outram overruled the project on the ground that the heavy rain had made the country impracticable for artillery; but its abandonment was a disappointment to Havelock. He subsequently wrote: "I had hoped great results from this plan; but it was doomed never to be tried." The direct route from the Charbagh bridge right through the native town to the Residency was not to be thought of; the attempt to follow it would simply entail the extermination of the column. There remained a compromise which, involving though it did inevitable heavy loss, nevertheless was the only alternative left. The first operation was the forcing of the Charbagh bridge, the further bridge-end of which was known to be strongly entrenched, and to

contain a six-gun battery sweeping the bridge, the vicinity of which was commanded by lofty houses loop-holed and barricaded. Assuming this obstacle carried, the only route beyond regarded as practicable was by a winding lane skirting the left bank of the canal, and thence by a sharp turn to the left through the group of fortified palaces and bazaars, covering a large area to the east of the Residency and extending up to its very gates. A prospect this truly the reverse of bright, which Havelock and Outram had to face.

It was arranged that the sick and wounded, with the hospital, the baggage, and the food and ammunition reserves, were to be left at the Alumbagh under the protection of about three hundred of the European troops, chiefly footsore men, commanded by Major M'Intyre of the Seventy-eighth. The soldiers carried sixty rounds of ammunition, an equal reserve to accompany the force on camels. Havelock prevailed on Outram to consent that Eyre's 24-pounders should go on with the column.

The morning of September 25th broke fair, although gloomy. Havelock, as was his custom, had risen before dawn, performed his devotions, written some private letters, and was sitting in the open air breakfasting with his personal staff, when Outram joined him to discuss some final alterations in the arrangements. As the two chiefs bent over the table studying the map, a round shot struck the ground within five yards and ricochetted over their heads. Meanwhile the troops having breakfasted, were getting under arms. There might have been some skulking this morning had men been in the mind to skulk. The sergeants of companies, acting on their orders, were shouting, "Fall out,

all you men that are footsore or sick!"; but many added the taunt—"And all you fellows whose heart isn't good, as well!" Whosoever heard this, were he ever so stiff or footsore, were he shivering with ague or burning with fever, took his place in the ranks with his comrades, could he make shift anyhow to put one foot in front of the other. It is true that over a hundred more men than had been intended were left behind in the Alumbagh, but this was owing to the omission to withdraw in time the rearward pickets. At half-past eight the "advance" sounded, and the bugle-notes were drowned in a cheer. Outram led with the first brigade, which was headed by Maude's battery supported by two companies of the Fifth Fusiliers; Havelock accompanied the second brigade, which followed the first. The head of the column was barely past our advanced picket, when it found itself the focus of musketry fire from front and both flanks, and raked by two guns in action near the Yellow House. The gallant Maude swept this opposition out of his path, and fared resolutely forward. "But for his nerve and coolness," in Outram's words, "the army could not have advanced." The struggle cost him one-third of his strength. Some distance beyond the Yellow House the road after a slight bend makes straight for the Charbagh bridge spanning the canal, this straight section not over two hundred yards long. Now there is not a house in the vicinity; the Charbagh garden has been thrown into the plain and the steep banks of the canal are all but bare. But then the scene was very different. On the Lucknow side the native city came close up to the bridge and lined the canal. The tall houses to right and left of the

bridge on the Lucknow side were full of musketeers. Across the road, at the Lucknow end of the bridge, there was first a breastwork, and behind it was a solid earthwork battery armed with six guns—one a 24-pounder, all trained on the bridge and all crammed to the muzzle with grape. Outram with the Fifth Fusiliers had gone off on a detour to the right to clear the Charbagh garden, and then, on gaining the canal bank, to bring a flanking fire to bear on the defences at the bridge-head. Thrown forward along the bank to the left of the bridge was a company of the Madras Fusiliers under Lieutenant Arnold, trying to beat down the musketry fire from the tall houses on the other side of the canal. Maude had two of his guns —there was room only for two—out in the open in the throat of the bit of straight road leading to the bridge, answering to the best of his power the fire of the rebel battery. Behind, close by, in the bent part of the road, the Madras Fusiliers were lying down under cover of the wall. In a bay of the Charbagh garden-wall stood Neill, waiting for the effect of Outram's flank movement to make itself felt, and young Havelock, mounted, was on the other side of the road somewhat in advance. Matters were at a deadlock. Outram made no sign. Maude's gunners were all down; he had repeatedly been assisted by volunteers from the infantry behind him, and now he and his subaltern Maitland were each doing bombardier's work. Maude called out to young Havelock that he could not fight his guns much longer. Havelock rode across to Neill through the fire, and in his staff capacity urged on the latter the need for an immediate assault. Neill "was not in command; he could not take the responsibility; and Outram must turn up

soon." Then Havelock turned and rode away along the road toward the rear, bent on the perpetration of what under the circumstances might be called a pious fraud. His father the General was far to the rear with the second brigade, but the son, after a suspiciously short disappearance round the bend, came back at a gallop, rode up to Neill and saluting with his sword, said, "You are to carry the bridge at once, sir." Neill, acquiescent, replied, "Get the regiment together then, and see it formed up." At the word, and without waiting for the regiment to rise and form, the gallant and ardent Arnold sprang up from his advanced position and dashed on to the bridge, followed by the nearest of his skirmishers. Havelock and Tytler, as eager as Arnold, set spurs to their horses and were alongside of him in a moment. Then the hurricane opened. The big gun swept its iron sleet across the bridge in the face of the devoted band. Arnold dropped, shot through both thighs. Tytler and his horse went down with a crash. The bridge was swept clear save for young Havelock, erect and unwounded, waving his sword and shouting to the "Lambs" to come on, and for a Fusilier corporal, Jakes by name, who as he rammed a bullet into his Enfield, remarked to Havelock with cool cheerfulness, "We'll soon have the beggars out of that, sir!" And Corporal Jakes was a true prophet. Before the big gun could be loaded again, the Fusiliers were on the bridge in a headlong mass; they were across it; they cleared the barricade, they stormed the battery, they bayoneted the sepoy gunners where they stood. The Charbagh bridge was won; but at the cost of a heavy loss.

The charge of the Madras Fusiliers won for the

column its thoroughfare over the canal. Promptly the regiments crossed in steady sequence, and then immediately turned sharp to the right along the left bank. The Seventy-eighth was an exception; that regiment, having crossed the bridge, was detached with orders to hold the end of the direct Cawnpore road, cover the crossing till everything had passed, and then to follow the column as its rearguard. The main body, having followed for nearly two miles the narrow and crooked lane by the canal side, diverged in a northerly direction near the Dilkoosha bridge, maintained that direction until close to the Secundrabagh, and then, turning sharp to the left moved on westward in the direction of the Residency, still nearly two miles distant. No opposition to speak of was encountered until the head of the column was in the narrow throat between the Motee Munzil and the Mess House. Here there was some desperate fighting, and the heavy guns had to be brought into service before the way was opened up. When the column was enabled to move on into the comparatively open space beyond, it came under flanking fire from a battery in front of the Kaiserbagh, and suffered heavily. After much tribulation the leading regiments reached comparative shelter in the precincts of the Chutter Munzil Palace, and halted there temporarily while the rearward troops strung out behind were running the gauntlet of fire through which their comrades had already passed. Both Havelock and Outram were with the advance.

While the main column had been faring thus far, the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, in the performance of the duty assigned them at the Charbagh bridge, were having very stirring experiences. For a while they

were unmolested, and they employed the interval of leisure in flinging into the canal the captured bridge-battery and its ammunition. Then the natives came pouring down the Cawnpore road upon them with demoniac yells; and for three hours the Highlanders, alone and unsupported, maintained a fierce fight against overwhelming numbers. About a hundred yards up the road there was a little temple which the sepoys occupied, and from it as well as from right and left plied the Scots with a galling musketry fire. Captain Hastings sprang to the front calling for volunteers. In the instant Herbert Macpherson was on one side of him and Webster on the other, half the regiment at their backs. There was a rush up to the temple, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight raged around it and inside it. The garrison held it stoutly, and it was taken by storm; some of its defenders were slain where they stood, the rest were pitched out of windows or over parapets. After an hour's hard fighting the enemy, failing to drive the Highlanders from the temple, rattled up three brass guns and swept the road with their fire. For a time our fellows had to keep in shelter and let the Pandies blaze away, for the long-continued wet had so swelled their cartridges that they would not go into the barrels of the guns. But Lieutenant Havelock, who was the staff-officer superintending at the bridge, opportunely sent up a fresh supply, and the time had come for active measures. The stalwart Webster stepped out, and thundered—

"Who's for these infernal guns?"

From a hundred throats came the answering shout—

"I'm for the guns!"

Far in advance of the ruck of comrades swept on the ardent Webster, vociferating vehement language as he sped. Armed with a great cavalry sabre — he despised the regulation spit — he made the weapon whistle round his head as he reached the guns, and brought it down on the head of a sepoy gunner just as his linstock was at the touch-hole. When the combat was finished the gunner's corpse was examined; Webster's sabre had cut him down almost to the collar-bone. The strong arm was soon to be powerless, for before nightfall Webster was lying on his face near the Bailey Guard Gate with a bullet through his brain. The enemy in flight up the road with Herbert Macpherson on their skirts, and the guns taken, a formal procession was formed with piper Campbell at its head, the guns were dragged in triumph to the canal and hurled into its waters. By this time the last waggon was across the bridge, and young Havelock intimated that the Highlanders were now free to bring up the rear. As he spoke he fell with a bullet through his arm. The enemy had again come down, and had to be beaten back yet again before the position could be quitted.

This occasioned delay, and when the Highlanders started they had lost all touch of the main body and were in effect an independent force for the time being. The regiment followed for some distance the narrow canal-side road, along which the last waggon had moved out of sight. By and by, when the canal side had been left and when the advance was near a great *serai*, the trail was lost. In front was a blazing bungalow, from about which and from the brick kilns on the right came some musketry fire. There were two roads. With a

blunt straight-forwardness of purpose the Seventy-eighth took the road known to be the more direct, chancing whether or no it might be the more arduous. They turned off to the left along the narrow street of the Huzuratgunge quarter, from the tall houses lining which a steady fire rained down upon them and inflicted heavy loss. As the regiment struggled along this dismal path, Ensign Kerby, carrying the Queen's colour, was shot down. As he fell the colour was grasped by a bandsman named Glen, from whom it was wrested by Sergeant Reid. A few paces further, and Sergeant Reid was struck. Then the colour passed to Assistant-Surgeon Valentine M'Master, who continued to carry it until the regiment halted. While the Highlanders were traversing this infernal defile, there was in their ears an interminable din of firing on their right and right front. It was not alone the rattle of musketry which they heard—that noise was so constant with them on their own path that a distant bicker might have gone unheeded—but there was the deep-throated roar of the big guns to tell them that their comrades, if they were conquering at all, were not achieving an uncontested victory. And, strangely, the Highlanders seemed to be gaining on, nay in a measure to be overlapping the locality whence the boom of the guns came loudest. Steadily advancing, they all of a sudden emerged into a great open area, to find themselves on the flank of an entrenched battery in action in front of a vast and gaudy building. That structure was none other than the Kaiserbagh—the palace of the Kings of Oude—and the battery, manned by Oude gunners, was firing athwart the open at soldiers of the British main column

as they emerged from the gut between the Motee Munzil and the Mess House. Without waiting to look closely into the situation, the Highlanders dashed into the battery, killed most of the gunners, and were able roughly to spike some of the guns. Then they had leisure to look about them. To their amazement they found that because of the shorter route they had taken through Huzuratgunge, they were actually now about parallel with the head of the main column, instead of being in the rear of its rear. Pressing on through a bevy of maddened cavalry horses and a dropping fire, the Highlanders debouched into a court of one of the palaces, in great measure sheltered from the sepoy fire which raged vehemently everywhere else. Here were the chiefs of the little army. On his big "waler" sat Outram, a plash of blood across his face, one arm in a sling, the malacca cane still grasped in the hand of the sound limb. Havelock on foot—his horse had been shot—was walking up and down on Outram's near side with short nervous steps, halting now and then as if to emphasise his words, for the debate between the two generals seemed warm. All around them at a little distance were officers, and outside of the circle so formed were soldiers, guns, wounded men, bullocks, camels, and the confusion of a surging tide of disorganisation pouring into the court.

The point of discussion between the chiefs is involved in some obscurity. It is certain that Havelock was resolute to push on immediately, to follow the main street leading up to the Bailey Guard Gate, and to reach the Residency and relieve the anxiety of the garrison before the fast-approaching night should fall. Both in his despatch and in a private letter Havelock

states that Outram desired to halt for the night short of the Residency; in his despatch he states that it was "within the courts of the (Motee) Mahal" Outram proposed to pass the night; in the private letter he substitutes for the Motee Mahal "the palace of Fureed Baksh." The discrepancy is material. About half the column was already considerably beyond the Motee Mahal, its return to which would have occasioned fresh loss. For the Mahal, he must have meant to write the Chutter Munzil, in the environs of which the leading half already was, and to which the Fureed Baksh was in immediate juxtaposition. Outram's biographer writes: "Outram proposed a *short halt*[1] to enable the rearguard, etc. to come up. The whole force by that time, he reasoned, would have occupied the Chutter Munzil in security; and from that post communication with the Residency could be effected through the intervening palaces; less brilliantly perhaps, but with less exposure of life than by the street. At the same time, if the latter alternative were preferred, he was ready to act as guide, a duty he could conscientiously undertake from previous acquaintance with the locality."

A gallant soldier now living has narrated to the writer the account which Outram himself gave him of this discussion. Outram did urge the halt, and for the reasons which his biographer speaks of. Finding Havelock bent on immediate advance, and knowing through what a tempest of fire the advance along the street must pass, he urged the alternative of advancing on the Residency by the route traversing the successive courts of the palaces, confident that little molestation

[1] The italics are mine.—[A. F.]

would be met with by this line, since the enemy would be holding the main street in anticipation of our advance along it. Havelock would not consent. "There is the street," said he; "we see the worst—we shall be slated, but we can push through and get it over." Outram continued: "Then my temper got a little the better of me and I replied, 'Let us go on, then, in God's name!'" And he added, "I have often since asked myself whether I should not then and there have resumed command; and whether I should not have said: 'Havelock, we have virtually reached the Residency, and I now resume.'"

Well, they went on in God's name. The argument ended, Havelock's staff-officers took their orders and rode away with them. The honour of leading the advance was assigned to the Highlanders; Brasyer's Sikhs to follow them. Havelock and Outram, with the staff-officers, rode up to the head of the Highlanders. The word was given, the advance began, and presently the foremost soldiers entered the narrow street which led with several sinuosities up to the Bailey Guard Gate of the Residency. Then, from side streets, from the front, from every window and balcony, from the top of every house, there poured a constant stream of bullets upon the men doggedly pushing forward, savage at their inability to return evil for evil. For except where now and then a section facing momentarily outward, got a chance to send a volley into the teeth of the mass holding the head of a cross alley, there was little opportunity of retaliation. The natives, sepoys and townspeople, ensconced on the flat roofs, fired down into the street and then drew back to load hurriedly that they might fire

again. The very women, in the passion of their hostility, plied muskets some of them, others hurled down on the passing soldiery stones and pieces of furniture. One woman stood on a parapet with a child in her arms, disdaining in the madness of her hate to take cover; and yelled and hissed Hindoo maledictions till, having lashed herself into ungovernable fury, she hurled her babe down upon the bristling bayonet-points. The Highlanders spared her but the Sikhs behind them had no compunction, and the wretched woman, riddled with bullets, fell on the roadway with a wild shriek. A downward shot crashed through Sandy M'Grath's back, and he fell. But he was not wounded so sore but that on hands and knees he made shift to crawl forward for over a hundred yards, till a second bullet struck him dead. In the foremost company of the Highland regiment were two staunch comrades, named Glandell and M'Donough, Irishmen and Catholics among the Scots and Presbyterians. In this street of death M'Donough's leg was shattered by a bullet. He fell, but he was not left to lie. His stalwart chum raised the wounded man, took him on his back, and trudged on with his heavy burden. Nor did the hale man thus encumbered permit himself to be a non-combatant. When the chance offered him to fire a shot, Glandell propped his wounded comrade up against some wall, and would betake himself to his rifle while it could be of service; then he would pick M'Donough up again, and stagger cheerily onward, till the well-deserved goal of safety was reached. The cruel ordeal of fire had been endured for a distance of over fifteen hundred paces, when from the leaders and staff-officers in front there ran down the

column an electric shout. For through the fast-gathering twilight had been descried the battered arch of the Bailey Guard Gate, whence came an answering shout of glad welcome. Ay, and through the hoarse bass of that cry there was audible a shriller note, which told the struggling soldiers that their countrywomen also were greeting and encouraging them. The horsemen gave spur; the men on foot lost their weariness and kept pace with their mounted leaders. For a few moments the folk of the garrison looked out on "a confused mass of smoke"; but then there was a glimpse through the smoke of officers on horseback, and battling infantrymen in their shirt-sleeves. "And then all our doubts and fears were over; and from every pit, trench, and battery; from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses; from every post still held by a few gallant spirits; even from the hospital, rose cheer on cheer." With a final rush the head of the column was at the Bailey Guard Gate. But it was now a gate but in name; earth had been piled up against it from the inside, and there was no thoroughfare under its battered archway. In the low wall to the proper left of the gate-house was a ragged embrasure, whence there loured the sullen muzzle of the big gun from which "Jock" Aitken, the stalwart captain of the guard, had steadily hurled death on his assailants. Aitken and his loyal sepoys hauled back the big piece. Outram rode at the embrasure, but his waler baulked at the rugged ascent to its lip. There was a scramble and a shout among the foremost of the Highlanders, and rider and horse were inside, hoisted bodily through the embrasure by stalwart arms. Havelock and his staff followed, and then through the breach

rushed in the eager soldiers, powder-grimed, dusty, bloody; the moment before raging with the stern passion of the battle, now melting in tenderness. And all around them as they swarmed in, crowded a multitude throbbing with glad welcome. There were the fighting men of the garrison, and the civilians whom the siege had made into soldiers; and women weeping tears of joy down on the faces of the children for whom they had all but ceased to hope aught but death. There were gaunt pallid men whose hollow eyes shone weirdly in the torchlight, and whose thin hands trembled with weakness in the sinewy grip of the Highlanders; the wounded and sick of the siege, those—such of them as were not in the grave—who had crawled out from the hospital up yonder to welcome their deliverers. The hearts of the Highlanders waxed very warm as they clasped the outstretched hands, exclaiming, "God bless you!" "Why, we expected to have found only your bones!" "And the children are living too!" and many other fervid and incoherent ejaculations. From the steps of Dr. Fayrer's house the ladies of the garrison came down among the soldiers, shaking them enthusiastically by the hand; and the children clasped the shaggy men round the neck, as in truth did some of the mothers. "The big rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God that they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore. We were all rushing about to give the poor fellows drinks of water, for they were perfectly exhausted; and tea was made down in the *tykhanah* (the underground rooms), of which a large party

of tired thirsty officers partook, without milk and sugar, and we had nothing to give them to eat. Every one's tongue seemed going at once with so much to ask and to tell, and the faces of utter strangers beamed upon each other, like those of dearest friends and brothers."[1] Such were the scenes which justified Lord Canning's words in writing of General Havelock: "Rarely has a man been so fortunate as to relieve by his success so many aching hearts, and to reap so rich a reward of gratitude."

"We had nothing to give them to eat," writes the lady from whose pathetic book the above quotation is taken. The garrison of the Residency, it is true, were still a long way from the final boot-eating recourse when Outram and Havelock reached them. The fighting men were receiving three-quarter rations and the non-combatants about half; but the ration was the barest meat and flour, both of poor description. Other articles of food had been exhausted, save what little still remained of private stores, and those were being for the most part reserved for the hospital and the children. Havelock wrote that on the night of his entry he was "regaled not only with beef cutlets, but with mock-turtle soup and champagne." It was a great occasion; no doubt the lean calf was killed, and Mr. Gubbins, whose guest the General was, "spread himself" with momentary lavishness. But Gubbins was not the man to fare sumptuously while his fellow men and women starved. He had providently laid in a great store of supplies "of sorts" before the siege commenced; he was, in nautical phrase, the "best found" person in the garrison. But he filled his house with refugees from outlying stations who had come in

[1] A lady's diary of the siege.

with nothing but what they stood up in; he was generous to families in need of what he had to give, and the doctors never applied to him in vain for medical comforts for the hospital and for sick women and children. Most probably it was Gubbins's sherry that kept General Havelock alive until the second relief. "I dine with him once a week" wrote the General, "and he sends me excellent sherry, without which, the doctors tell me, I should not pull through." Gubbins quartered in his house the wounded Tytler, the General's wounded son, and the sick Major Eyre. To what straits the Lucknow garrison were reduced may be estimated by some details recorded by Gubbins. Brandy fetched £16 per dozen; before the Second Relief it had risen to £2:10s. per bottle. Beer £7 per dozen. A small tin of soup sold for £2:5s.

General Havelock, declining Mr. Gubbins's invitation to be his guest, took up his quarters in the house of Mr. Ommanney the judicial commissioner, who had died of his wounds in the early days of the siege. General Outram and his chief-of-staff Colonel Napier,[1] both wounded, became inmates of the house of their old friend Dr. Fayrer [2] the residency surgeon, who placed them on beds opposite each other in the long room of his residence. Fayrer's "Europe stores" had long before been consumed, and the newcomers had to share the scant and strictly "ration" fare of the household—*chupatties* and a makeshift and scanty stew of flour and gun-bullock beef. Outram was a restless patient. "Oh, d—n the arm!" was his abrupt answer to solicitous inquiries as to

[1] The late F. M. Lord Napier of Magdala.
[2] Now Sir Joseph Fayrer, K.C.S.I.

his wound; he was infinitely more concerned about requisitioning Mrs. Fayrer's services to mend the "in-and-out" bullet-holes in his coat-sleeve.

That Havelock erred in not accepting Outram's recommendation of delay, and in forcing forward into the Residency with a part of his strength, seems unquestionable. The reasons put forth for the haste he made, considered impartially, prove of little weight. Colonel Inglis's letters, it has been urged, permitted him no doubt that the garrison was reduced to the greatest straits. But Colonel Inglis's last letter to Havelock dated September 16th, and received on the 19th, told him; "I shall be quite out of rum for the men in eight days, but we have been living on reduced rations, and I hope to get on till about 1st prox. If you have not relieved us by then we shall have no meat left." Therefore on September 25th, on the evening of which day Havelock entered the Residency, the garrison had been without rum for twenty-four hours, and still had meat fo. several days; of grain there was no real lack. And if there had been actual starvation Havelock's entry could not have alleviated the situation, since he did not bring in an ounce of supplies. Again, it is said he was actuated by the knowledge that the garrison was exposed to imminent danger from mines that might be sprung by the enemy at any moment. It is true that subsequent examination proved that extensive mines had been excavated. But they were found uncharged; Inglis's last letter made no mention of anxiety about mines, and Havelock could not have known of them, but was only apprehensive of them. He ordered no search for mines on the night of his entry —it was not until later that they were discovered; it

cannot therefore be claimed that his haste averted the risk of their being exploded, but rather indeed exposed the force he brought in to participation in the havoc their explosion might cause. Another argument for his urgency is put forward in the realisation on his part of the danger of the desertion of the native troops forming part of the garrison, under the disappointment occasioned by an apparent check in the advent of reinforcements. Those natives had been staunch in the face of the strongest temptations to desert, when the prospect of assistance from without was all but mythical; their defection would have been passing strange after they had heard the roar of the British cannon close at hand. General Havelock further is alleged to have "dreaded, since Colonel Inglis had stated that in its enfeebled state the garrison would be unable to resist a determined assault, lest the insurgents, finding the relieving column apparently brought to a standstill, should by one vigorous onslaught overpower the defenders of the Residency." What Colonel Inglis had written was that he would find it "difficult," not impossible, to repulse a determined assault; he had endured and overcome frequent difficulties of that nature, and it was improbable that he should now succumb with relief almost within shouting distance. But General Havelock could scarcely have failed to realise that the opposition he had been experiencing during his advance must have greatly relieved the pressure on the garrison, and that if the enemy undistracted had been unable to overwhelm it, there was small likelihood now of that achievement by a sudden rally on the part of mauled and fugitive troops. Yet further he must have recognised his own

ability to frustrate any such attempt, from the temporary position in the palaces which Outram advocated.

The truth is that Outram's self-abnegating chivalry was magnificent, but it was not war. "All's well that ends well," and the relieving column did reach Lucknow. But Outram's fine generosity placed him in a false and a very awkward position. He had been appointed to the command of the Cawnpore division. In his discretion he might have been technically justified in despatching Havelock in command of the relieving force, while he remained at Cawnpore or went elsewhere. But accompanying that force, he had no military right to denude himself of the responsibility inherent in his superior rank. Had the expedition failed his position would have been very serious. It might have been laid to his charge that he had gratified his generosity at the expense of his duty—his duty to his country, his duty to the gallant troops at whose head was his place, his duty to the beleaguered garrison. As it was, it is not easy to escape from the melancholy conclusion that Outram might have averted the waste of blood incurred in the march up the street to the Residency.

How needless was that bloodshed was evinced in the experience of the remainder of the column. When the two leading regiments headed by Havelock and Outram had started on their bloody path, the force behind them, with which were most of the guns, began to move forward in their track. Soon the advance was arrested by deep trenches cut across the road, which the heavy guns could not pass. At this crisis Lieutenant Moorsom, who knew every inch of the ground, and who while Havelock and Outram were discussing had been sent

forward to ascertain whether the thoroughfare by the palace fronts was clear of obstacles, returned from his expedition of investigation. Havelock had not waited for his return, else the tidings which he brought back would surely have averted the bloody advance along the deadly street. But Moorsom was in time to save the following regiments from that dire experience. Under his guidance the column altered its direction, and he led it in comparative immunity by a sheltered yet more direct route past the palaces, through the abandoned Clock Tower battery, straight to the Bailey Guard Gate, which the head of the column reached while the Highlanders were still in the warmth of fraternisation with the garrison. By midnight most of the infantry and some of the guns constituting the column which had followed Moorsom were inside the Residency defences, with scarcely any mishap to bewail save the great loss of General Neill, who had been killed when expediting the defile through a narrow archway, while the force he was directing was as yet pursuing the original route and before Moorsom had taken charge. It is a fair inference that had Havelock's impatience permitted him to wait for Moorsom's return from the errand on which he himself had sent him—and the delay thus incurred would have been brief,—he might have reached the Residency with the Highlanders and Sikhs at the cost of very trifling loss.

Havelock normally was the reverse of a rash man; and he was far above the sinfulness and clap-trap folly of fighting "to the gallery." Probably jarring occurrences had disturbed his equipoise. Outram, it is true, had waived his rank in Havelock's favour; but it was part

of the awkwardness of the situation which Outram's generosity had created for himself, that in doing this he had scarcely accomplished a devolution of his responsibility. Probably it was in recognition of this that he came to construe rather widely the "tender of his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer." He was not the centurion of the hour, and the acting centurion he had loosened from being under authority in relation to him; but nevertheless he occasionally said unto the centurion, Do this; and the centurion for the most part did it. But the doing of it irked him; and the irksomeness grew upon him, till at last the centurion would have his own way, and was given it "in God's name."

So far from attempting an assault on the Residency, the rebel host had been temporarily cowed by the punishment received from the relieving column, and not a shot was fired after nightfall. In the night Lieutenant Johnson went out with led horses to bring in wounded men, and found no trace of an enemy in any direction. A rearguard consisting of part of a regiment with two big guns had been left in the Motee Munzil to give the hand to the Seventy-eighth, which, as the reader knows, had come on by another route, and needed no assistance. With this rearguard were a number of wounded and stragglers. If, in the quiet night of the 25th, the order had been sent it to come in, it could have done so without molestation and at leisure. But no such order was sent, and it was left in its isolation with the result that the enemy, rallying with the morning and recognising its forlornness, assailed it with great fury and inflicted on it heavy loss. General Outram took over the command on the morning of the 26th, and in the course of the day Colonel Napier

marched out a succouring force; but it was not until the early morning of the 27th that the rearguard was brought into the Residency. The responsibility was not with Havelock for the earlier volunteer scratch expedition which Bensley Thornhill led out on the errand of bringing in the wounded from the Motee Munzil. The disaster that befell it — how the procession of wounded went astray, how in that pen thenceforward known as Dhooly Square some forty helpless wounded were done to death, some by the dagger, some roasted to death in their wantonly fired *dhoolies*; how nine gallant men fought staunchly for most of a day and a night in striving to fend off demons from their helpless comrades, —of that awful and glorious episode the details cannot here be given.

In his official despatch General Havelock states the loss of the division from the crossing of the Ganges up to the evening of September 26th, when the casualties of the relief operation ceased, to have been five hundred and thirty-five officers and men killed, wounded, and missing. Of this number the Seventy-eighth Highlanders lost one hundred and twenty-six, somewhat over one in three. Colonel Malleson's figures, which he regarded as official, are more serious. He gives the total loss in killed and wounded to the 26th inclusive, as five hundred and sixty-four. The rearguard casualties he puts at sixty-one killed and seventy-seven missing: since the latter were all killed as a matter of course, the total loss of the rearguard he makes out to have been one hundred and thirty-eight; the entire losses of the relieving operation by his reckoning thus amounting to seven hundred and two. Colonel Malleson has fallen

into error in this matter. Havelock's despatch is dated September 30th, when particulars of all the casualties had been made up; he had no temptation to minimise the losses even on the impossible hypothesis that he might have been capable of falsifying returns, and the total amount of loss which he states is the accurate sum of the following authenticated details.

Regiment.	Killed and Missing.				Wounded.			Grand Total of Loss.
	Killed.							
	Officers.	Men.	Missing.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	
Staff	2	0	0	2	8	0	8	10
Madras Fusiliers	0	13	11	24	2	35	37	61
H. M.'s 5th Fusiliers	0	7	16	23	2	29	31	54
H. M.'s 64th Foot	1	0	0	1	0	10	10	11
H. M.'s 84th Foot	2	9	9	20	4	24	28	48
78th Highlanders	2	37	6	45	6	75	81	126
H. M.'s 90th Light Infantry	0	11	26	37	3	46	49	86
Sikh Regt. of Ferozepore	0	6	1	7	0	37	37	44
Volunteer Cavalry	0	3	1	4	3	11	14	18
12th Native Irr. Cavalry	1	3	0	4	0	8	8	12
Artillery	2	15	7	24	2	22	24	48
Native ditto	0	5	0	5	0	12	12	17
Total	10	109	77	196	30	309	339	535

The advent into the Residency of the column led by Havelock and Outram is known in history as the First Relief of Lucknow. It was no relief that had arrived, but simply a reinforcement. Outram had believed that a "decided success" would have been followed by "an immediate restoration of British ascendency in Oude." He may have been right; but the modified success of merely forcing a way into the Residency produced

among the mutinous sepoys only the panic of a single night. So it behoved him to look the situation in the face, in the full consciousness of having to reckon with persistent and fierce hostility. He had left a scant force in a very precarious position at the Alumbagh; he had left there all his baggage and his convoy of stores and supplies; he and the force which had followed Havelock and him into the Residency had come in literally with nothing but what they stood up in—their sole edible contribution to the scanty resources of the original garrison the bullocks which had hauled their guns and ammunition waggons. Those resources he believed to be more attenuated than was afterwards ascertained to be the case. He found in the garrison sick, wounded, women and children, numbering upwards of one thousand. He had neither carriage wherewith to evacuate this helpless accumulation nor force sufficient to protect the convoy could he form one. He intimated his determination in those circumstances to withdraw from Lucknow with the bulk of the relieving force, "having first made arrangements for the safety of the garrison by strengthening it with all but four of his guns, and leaving behind him the Ninetieth Regiment; destroying all the enemy's works, exploding their mines, and breaking up the ground so as to render future mining difficult; and also demolishing the houses commanding the entrenchments. The remainder of the force," he continued, "will make its way back to Cawnpore." He had designated Brigadier Inglis as the commander of the reinforced garrison; had drafted a farewell order addressed to it, and fixed the second or third day of October for his departure. Why

he abandoned this intention I find nowhere definitely explained.

It does not appear that it was impossible for him to retire on Cawnpore. He need not necessarily have gone out by the way he had come in. With lightened and diminished wheel transport he might have made the circuit Havelock had originally recommended, crossing by the iron bridge, and getting immediately into the open, where his fifteen hundred disciplined troops could have repulsed any attack. The obstacle of the Goomtee might have been overcome by marching down stream till boats were found in riverside villages, or by pre-arrangement through messengers with the Alumbagh people to escort Havelock's canal boats under cover of night to a point about Budiabad. The river crossed, he would have relieved himself of the anxiety that constantly tormented him regarding the scratch detachment he had left in the Alumbagh. He might have remained there, in receipt of supplies from Cawnpore, a standing menace to the enemy in Lucknow, a standing succour in case of need to the Residency garrison. Had the position of the Residency been regarded as measurably safe, he would have set free for the uses of the Commander-in-Chief a force of fifteen hundred seasoned soldiers, precious beyond words in the still critical situation of affairs. By remaining in Lucknow if he could have gone out he detained that number inactive; he left to its fate the feeble detachment in the Alumbagh; he consumed rations that would have given a rough plenty to the garrison he had intended to leave; he debilitated his troops because of the necessity for their being put on reduced and unwholesome rations;

and he impaired his future mobility by eating his gun-bullocks. And all this for what? "Our position," he wrote later, "is more untenable than that of the previous garrison, because we are obliged to occupy the neighbouring palaces outside the entrenchment to accommodate the Europeans, which positions the enemy are able to mine from cover of neighbouring buildings."

On the day after the entry Sir James Outram resumed the Divisional command and reorganised the brigades composing the force. To Brigadier Inglis was assigned his own Thirty-second, the Seventy-eighth, the Madras Fusiliers, and the volunteer cavalry, his brigade's sphere of action being the Residency and its environs. The other brigade, consisting of the Fifth Fusiliers, the Eighty-fourth with Sixty-fourth companies attached, the Ninetieth, and Brasyer's Sikhs, was allotted to Brigadier-General Havelock. One may readily believe that it was not a grateful thing to him to have no longer under him the regiments which he had so often led to victory, and every face in which he was able to recognise. Except for the Sixty-fourth detachment and the Sikhs, his new command was strange to him and he to it; their mutual relations had existed only from Cawnpore. To Havelock and his new brigade was assigned the occupation of the palaces with their precincts and gardens, lying to the eastward of the old Residency position. This occupation, which was accomplished in a few days without any serious loss, had the effect at once of enlarging our holding and of relieving the original position from the constant harassment its defenders had endured from the hostile tenure of the palaces. Quartered in the gorgeous apartments

of the Fureed Baksh and the Chutter Munzil, honest Tommy Atkins who a few days before had been bivouacking in mud and rain, now stretched himself on silken couches and ate his sordid ration off dishes of rare and beautiful china. But this elysium of luxury was tempered with constant danger. For the position of the brigade consisted of "gardens, courts, and houses, without fortified *enceinte*, without flanking defences, and closely connected with the buildings of the city; and it was exposed to a close and constant musketry fire from loopholed walls and windows, from every lofty building within rifle range, and to a frequent and desultory fire of round shot and grape from guns posted at various distances, from seventy to five hundred yards." The besiegers directed their efforts chiefly against the position of which Havelock had charge, their propinquity to which afforded them opportunity for constructing mines; and there was entailed on our officers and men the incessant task of countermining. The enemy advanced twenty mines against the palaces and outposts; of those they exploded three which caused us loss of life, and two harmlessly; seven were blown in; from seven others the enemy were dispossessed. In obtaining those results Colonel Napier, Captain Crommelin, and their assistants executed twenty-one shafts aggregating two hundred feet in depth, and three thousand nine hundred and twenty-one feet of gallery. When at length powder ran short, a gallery was constructed round the most exposed parts of the position, whence the enemy's operations could be watched and frustrated.

Over those tasks of the "scientific arm" Havelock could exercise but a general supervision. It was his daily

custom to make an early circuit of his position—a walk of about two miles, subsequently visiting Outram to make his report. His abundant leisure was chiefly spent in reading; we are told he found intense pleasure in Macaulay's History, a copy of which he found in Mr. Gubbins's library. It was noticed that his strength seemed failing as the days of the blockade grew into weeks of dull inaction. When in Persia he had expressed his dread of the physical reaction when exertion should give place to rest, and no doubt the recoil was now telling on him. For at sixty-three he was an old man to be in India, and he was older than his years, after thirty-five years of tropical service unbroken but by one short furlough home. Relegated from the coveted position of independent and active command to the dreariness of subordinate immobility, he may probably have apprehended that his short bright day was done, and that fate, after one brief flash of kindness, was now again ungenial. Pottering round the position on his daily beat, the old man did not know, else the knowledge might have braced him, that his name had become a household word in England, and that Sovereign and Parliament had made haste to honour and reward him. But although his strength was flagging under reaction and the unwholesome food whose deleterious effects Gubbins's sherry was ineffectual to counteract, he retained his cheerfulness and never relaxed his care for the soldiers. He was much in the hospitals, where the sick and wounded waited for death—for there was small hope of recovery in the stifling and poisonous air, the lack of medicines, the absence of all medical comforts, and the impossibility of making the coarse ration palat-

able or assimilative. Gangrene was rampant and even the slightest wound was deadly. Dressings for wounds were all but unprocurable in a garrison where, as regarded clothing, there reigned a universal squalor of privation. "I came in," wrote the General,—and his case was the case of all the relieving force—"with one suit of clothes, which I have hardly put off for six weeks." He was enduring his second siege, and in material respects he found Lucknow harder than had been Jellalabad. "We eat," he wrote, "a reduced ration of artillery-bullock beef, *chupatties*, and rice but tea, sugar, soap, and candles are unknown luxuries. I find it not so easy to starve at sixty-three as at forty-seven."

At length the beleaguerment, which for the original garrison had lasted four and a half months, for the reinforcing force seven weeks, was to terminate. Communications from without were scant and precarious, but on November 9th Outram knew that Campbell with four thousand two hundred British soldiers and sailors, was within a march of the Alumbagh. Then it was that in Henry Cavanagh, not a soldier but a civilian, there emerged through unparalleled peril into imperishable fame, the hero of all the heroes of the Mutiny. To tell how, disguised as a native, that most valiant man passed through the heart of Lucknow, through post after post of the enemy, picket on picket, carrying to Campbell plans and advices from Outram, would be to recount the story of a deed of sustained valour in cold blood that will live in our annals so long as the nation retains the spirit which actuates men to admire cool courage and dauntless constancy. From Campbell in the Alumbagh there came tidings on the

12th that on the 14th he intended to begin his advance on the Residency. It behoved the garrison to exert itself in co-operation with the relieving force. In furtherance of this duty, mines had been prepared under the eastern wall of the advanced garden lying under the eastern face of the Chutter Munzil, and other mines had been driven farther forward under the Engine House and the Hurreen Khana, two structures standing apart some distance farther eastward than the garden wall. Inside the garden were two heavy batteries commanded respectively by Eyre and Olpherts, and Maude had a mortar battery in a quadrangle in rear. Sir Colin halted at the Dilkoosha on the 15th, announcing that evening "Advance to-morrow" from his semaphore on the top of the Martiniere.

The time fixed for the beginning of the garrison's co-operation, the dispositions for which were in the hands of General Havelock,[1] was when the relieving force should reach the Secundrabagh. Its attack on that great walled structure began at eleven. The mines under the masking garden wall were sprung, but the powder was damp, the effect was unsatisfactory, and a prolonged cannonade with reduced charges was needed to demolish the wall, the enemy meanwhile replying vigorously from the Kaiserbagh. Then the cannon had free play on the Engine House and Hurreen Khana, and simultaneously the mines under the latter structure were fired.

[1] Havelock signs "Major-General" to his despatch dated Nov. 16th, recounting the proceedings of that date. Intimation of his promotion must have been sent in to him. It was gazetted on September 29th; he had been made a K.C.B. three days earlier, but did not know of this distinction until Sir Colin told him. He was already dead when the baronetcy and pension were conferred.

At half-past three the infantry, commanded by Colonel Purnell of the Ninetieth, debouched from the court of the Chutter Munzil, and carried at the bayonet point the Engine House, King's Stables, and Hurreen Khana. Considering the strength of the garrison in men and guns, and its advantageous position for taking in reverse the forces opposing the advance of the relieving column, its co-operative work cannot be regarded as enterprising. On the evening of the 16th, the only obstacles to a junction between the two bodies of Britons were the Motee Mahal and the Mess House. During the night of the 16th a battery was erected and armed in front of the Engine House, from which, and from Sir Colin's guns, a heavy fire was next morning opened on the Mess House, which had been abandoned by the enemy overnight. After having been severely bombarded, the empty building was stormed by a detachment of infantry, and Lieutenant Roberts, ascending to the roof, hoisted a flag on its highest tower under a shower of bullets.[1] The adjacent Observatory was then carried, and there remained but the Motee Mahal. Adrian Hope's gallant followers rushed it immediately, its few defenders skulking out across the river. Now between the two forces there remained but the open space between

[1] Now General Sir Frederick Roberts, G.C.B. The credit of this exploit, as well as of the capture of the Motee Mahal, had been accepted by another officer who has since risen to distinction. But the following explicit statement under Sir Frederick Roberts's hand has been published, and has not been contradicted: "I took the flag of the Second Punjab Infantry, by Sir Colin Campbell's orders, and placed it on the Mess House, to show Outram and Havelock where we were. The enemy knocked the flagstaff down three times, breaking the pole once. The staff is, I believe, still in the possession of the Second Punjab Infantry."

the Engine House and the Motee Mahal, swept by cross fire from the Kaiserbagh and the opposite side of the river. Moorsom was the first to attempt the communication, and with success; two officers from the relieving force crossed him in the dangerous middle passage. It became presently less dangerous, but was still the reverse of safe when the generals and their staff proceeded to join Sir Colin, where he stood in the interval between the Mess House and the Motee Munzil.[1]

Havelock descended from the top of the Chutter Munzil, having Lieutenant Palliser[2] as a casual companion, and followed by his faithful bugler, young Dick Pearson of the Seventy-eighth. He was anxious in regard to his son who, his wound of the Charbagh still unhealed, had nevertheless been among the earliest to cross; but he was too feeble to hasten, and the dangerous promenade was perforce very deliberate. It was, however, safely made. The entrance into the Motee Mahal was through a breach in its flank wall, the sill of which was more than two feet above the level; the General was too weak to surmount this obstacle unaided, and Palliser and Pearson had to hoist him up by passing their arms behind him. Inside the Motee Mahal, the party of soldiers first encountered by the General was led by a "gigantic red-bearded officer," who must have been Adrian Hope, and what happened next Sir Hope Grant may tell in his own genial words. "Soon after we entered the Motee Mahal," he writes, "General Havelock came from the Residency to meet us, and I

[1] The Motee Munzil was merely a narrow building in front of the large square pile of the Motee Mahal. *Vide* map.

[2] Now Sir C. H. Palliser, K.C.B.

had the happiness to be the first to congratulate him on being relieved. He went up to the men,[1] who immediately flocked around him and gave him three cheers. This was too much for the fine old General; his breast heaved with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears. He turned to the men and said: 'Soldiers, I am happy to see you; soldiers, I am happy to think you have got into this place with a smaller loss than I had.' I asked him what he supposed our loss amounted to. He answered that he had heard it estimated at eighty, and was much surprised and grieved when I told him we had lost about forty-three officers and four hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. We went together (across the fire from the Kaiserbagh) to Sir Colin at the Mess House. This was a very happy meeting, and a cordial shaking of hands took place."

The meeting of Sir Colin Campbell, Outram, and Havelock, commemorated in a well-known picture, marked the virtual consummation of the Relief. On the night between the 19th and 20th, the sick and wounded and the women and children of the garrison were removed to Sir Colin's camp at the Dilkoosha, and the military evacuation of the position was effected on the night between the 22nd and 23rd. Havelock, although weak, was not actually ailing before the 20th. On the 19th he wrote a cheerful letter to his wife and another to his brother-in-law, and on the evening of that day his wounded son, who was being carried out in the convoy, and stopped his litter to take leave of his father, found him sitting alone, reading Macaulay's History by lamp-

[1] Some of whom were of the Fifty-third, the regiment he had last belonged to.

light. But on the 20th dysentery set in; on the following day the symptoms became serious, and after nightfall he was carried out in a *dhooly* to the Dilkoosha, where a soldiers' tent was pitched for him. He had suffered severely from the jolting of the journey, and was worse on the 22nd, in the course of which hostile bullets falling around his tent caused his removal to a more sheltered spot. On that day he was cheered by receiving the home-letters which had been accumulating at Cawnpore during the blockade of Lucknow; but although he was not thought in imminent danger, he expressed his conviction that he was stricken for death. On the 23rd Mr. Gubbins went to see him. "I was directed," he writes, "to a common soldiers' tent. Entering it, I found the General's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hargood, and his medical attendant, Staff-Surgeon Collinson. They whispered to me in mournful accents the grievous news that Sir Henry was worse, and pointed to where he lay. It was in a *dhooly*, which served as a bed. The curtain on my side was down. I found young Havelock seated on the further side, upon the ground by his dying father. His wounded arm hung in a sling; but with the other he supplied his father's wants. I saw that speech was impossible, and sorrowfully withdrew." On the same day Dr. Fayrer visited him, had a consultation with Mr. Collinson, and recognised that his condition was hopeless.

Good Hope Grant, whose whole life was an illustration of the poet's saying that "the bravest are the tenderest," "having heard that the General was lying seriously ill, thought it well to visit him in his affliction and say a few kind words of comfort. On my asking him how he felt himself, he replied, 'The hand of death is upon me;

God Almighty has seen fit to afflict me for some good purpose.'" Havelock's parting words to Outram have been quoted at the beginning of this little book. The life went quietly out of him at half-past nine on the morning of November 24th, just as the march back to Cawnpore began, and his soldiers bore with them, on the litter in which he had died, the mortal remains of the chief who had so often led them to victory.

Next morning they buried him in the Alumbagh enclosure, under the mango-tree which still spreads its branches over his tomb, and in whose bark his first curt epitaph, the letter "H," carved at a season when other index of his resting-place would have been unwise, is still faintly discernible. There stood around the grave Colin Campbell and the chivalrous Outram, and staunch old Walter Hamilton, and the ever-ready Tytler; and the "boy Harry," to whom the campaign had brought repute for reckless daring and the loss of a father; and the devoted Hargood, his "heart in the coffin there with Cæsar"; and the heroic William Peel; and that "colossal red Celt" the valiant ill-fated Adrian Hope; and honest Dick Pearson the dead General's bugler, weeping for the loss of the best friend the Ross-shire lad had ever known. Behind stood in a wide circle the soldiers of the Ross-shire Buffs and of the Madras Fusiliers, who had done the dead chief's bidding in many a hard fight, and in whose war-worn hearts, as they looked down on the last of their old commander, was stirring many a memory of his ready praise of valour and of his ceaseless regard for the welfare of his soldiers. The volleys of the firing party were the good soldier's fittest requiem; and so Henry Havelock was buried.

Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than an old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight;
England's banners o'er him waved,
Dead he keeps the name he saved.

"So long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion is cherished among his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely grave beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be regarded as one of the most holy of the countless spots where Britain's patriot soldiers lie."

THE END

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

00023239

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018